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DRIVEN FROM HOME

A True Story of a Converted Jewess

BY

JEANETTE GEDALIUS



SAN FRANCISCO

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Dedicated to my Beloved Friends,

Miss Mary Burdette,

For her personal interest ;

AND

Mrs. T. C. Rounds,

For her love and interest in the "Lost Sheep
of the House of Israel."

PREFACE

This little story of my life has not been written to arouse sympathy for myself, but as a testimony to the mighty saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile.

Some there may be of my own people who have heard the voice of Him that was lifted up on Calvary to draw all men unto Him, yet fearing trials and persecution have not trusted Him. Should any fear the hardness of the way, let me assure you that God is faithful and His grace is sufficient for all things.

God grant that a deeper sympathy and interest may be kindled in the hearts of those who love Jesus for poor blinded Israel, and that prayers may ever ascend to the throne of grace in their behalf.

Let us pray that the Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, will graciously hear the united prayers of His children and take away the vail of Moses from before their eyes.

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CHAPTER I.

In the little town of Deutsh Eylau, Northern Germany, I was born. My parents, who were strictly orthodox Jews, lived in a cottage close by the Geserick Sea. Many times in early childhood I played upon its banks and looked out upon its quiet blue waters, and visions came to me of the outside world. In these day dreams how my heart bounded at thoughts of the great success which should crown my future life, and how vivid still are the pictures which hang on memory's walls!

I can see the quaint, narrow streets along which the women walk carrying water in pails suspended from wooden yokes resting on their shoulders. I hear the clanking of their wooden slippers on the pavements as they bear their heavy burdens from door to door.

As the last woman vanishes from memory's vision, my thoughts turn to the superstition with which the life of the town abounded. I see troubled faces, and hear the deep sighs of men and women bemoaning the fate of children born on Friday. Then I hear tales of horrible witches who hold the life and death of people in the hollow of their hands.

I remember the story of my own unlucky birth, for I was born on Friday. Before I had reached

the age of twelve months, my parents were impressed with a deep realization of the unhappy fate sure to be mine. In a severe fall I bit through my tongue so that the tip of the tongue was almost severed. The doctor who was summoned at once advised that the point of the tongue should be removed in order to save my life, as there was danger of my bleeding to death, since it was impossible to take stitches. It seemed that if my life was spared I must always be dumb.

I can imagine the distress and sorrow of my poor mother; how she must have taken me within her loving arms and pressed me to her aching heart, refusing the advice of the doctor and trusting in God and nature. Her faith was rewarded; for, contrary to the doctor's expectation, the wound healed, leaving but a small scar on the upper part of the tongue.

More misfortune seemed to follow me. I became the victim of a reputed witch, of which there were several in our neighborhood. Many and strange were the stories circulated about them. It was asserted that on June 24th at midnight the witches anointed themselves with a special ointment and rode upon broomsticks to the top of St. John's Mountain, a peak a short distance from the city. When all were assembled, Satan him-

self joined them and gave instructions in witchcraft. At those meetings plans were made as to who should be their victims during the coming year.

A feast would follow at which the most loathsome food would be eaten with seemingly as much pleasure as though it consisted of every delicacy. All this ended with a dance in which the brooms were transformed into men. People so fully believed in witchcraft that they were in constant dread of witches, and feared to go near the house of anyone having that reputation.

For some years we lived among Polish-speaking people and learned the Polish language. We played happily with their children, and, although we heard witch stories, no witches ever molested us.

When I was about five years of age, however, my parents moved into a different locality. Across the street from our new home lived a reputed witch. Every one avoided this woman. I often noticed that when people met her they would make the sign of the cross as soon as they had passed by. Although I did not know what the sign of the cross meant, I learned in later years that they hoped by crossing themselves to prevent the witch from doing them any harm.

My parents, though Jews, fully believed in witchcraft and were very superstitious. As we played around, many of the neighbors would call us into their homes, giving us small toys and occasionally candy and nuts, and thus persuading us to speak to them in the Polish language.

One day, when my sister and I were playing out of doors, a little girl whom we had not seen before drew near and asked if she might join us in our sport. As she was of about the same age as ourselves and was nicely dressed, we welcomed her as a playmate. She frequently came to us and we became much attached to her and invited her to share our indoor games on disagreeable days. One day she in turn, invited us to her home, to which we readily consented. Not until we had reached the doorstep did we realize that our little friend lived in the witch's home.

At once we demanded who she was. She replied that the witch was her aunt and that she made her home with her. It was too late for retreat, for the little girl had the door opened for us and we felt impelled to go in. Her aunt was pleased to see us, and offered us bread and butter with a liberal sprinkling of sugar over it. Although fond of such food, we promptly refused it, for we had been instructed never to take food from Gentiles.

Time passed on; fall approached and the days grew colder. As we were playing in the street one day a chilly, drizzling rain began to fall. Our little playmate saw us and called to us that they had a bright fire in the open grate and wished us to come in and share its warmth and comfort. This appealed to us, and, without obtaining our mother's consent, we entered Annie's home. We had no open grate in our home, and it was fascinating to us to see the fire and hear the crackling of the wood.

Presently Annie's aunt came in with some potatoes in her apron, which she buried in the hot ashes to roast. When they were done she took them out and offered them to us. They looked so tempting that we were unable to resist. We reasoned to ourselves that, since they were not cooked in a vessel, there could be no harm in our eating them.

Hardly had we tasted them, when the door opened and our mother appeared. She saw the potatoes in our hands. For a moment she appeared horror-stricken. Soon, however, she recovered, and snatching the potatoes from us she took us home, there to receive the punishment our disobedience merited.

More serious consequences, however, were to follow. During the night we were taken sick and

before morning our poor little bodies were burning with fever. Mother was greatly alarmed and naturally her first thought was that we were bewitched. Hence, instead of consulting a physician she went to another reputed witch to ask her advice. She gave mother some instructions with regard to treating the disease, and warding off further calamity; mother returned, confirmed in her belief that we were under the power of the other witch in consequence of having eaten the roasted potatoes in her house, and though she followed the instructions of the second woman exactly, there was no improvement in our condition.

When father, who had been away from home, returned in answer to an urgent summons, he at once called a physician who pronounced the sickness a severe cold. His remedies were faithfully given, but we rapidly grew worse.

In great anxiety my parents again called upon the witch. She repeated her assertions that we were the victims of witchcraft, and declared that the only remedy was to outwit the other witch. This, she confessed, she was unable to do, for she had not sufficient knowledge to treat the disease successfully.

She recommended a woman living at a distance of eight miles from our home. This woman had

the reputation of being a great witch, who possessed the power of healing diseases caused by witchcraft, but she would seldom confer with women, so father went to see what she could do for us. He was told that he must under no condition speak to any woman he might chance to meet. He carried with him a present for the witch and a bundle of clothing which we wore at the time we were bewitched. Upon his return the instructions of this woman were faithfully carried out.

I do not know what this wonderful woman said to him, for in everything great secrecy was observed. She had given my father nine different herbs from which a bath was to be prepared in which we were to be bathed twice a day, morning and evening. She had assured father that there was no danger and that she was fully able to break the spell of the other witch and check the power of the disease.

Immediately upon father's return the bath was prepared, but dire results followed. We did not recover as the witch had promised, and during the second bath my little sister expired in mother's arms. Great was the grief of all for our loved one. For a whole week my parents sat in ashes and ate the bread of affliction, according to the law.

My life hung by a slender thread and for some

time the heroic efforts of the physician and my loving mother's care seemed unavailing; but after two long months of suffering a change for the better came, and there was much rejoicing and thankfulness that my life had been spared. Gradually health and strength returned, but during these months I had become a strong-willed, petted child accustomed to have my slightest wish gratified.

As might perhaps be expected, I grew to have less confidence in witchcraft as the years passed; and when I was about twelve years of age an incident occurred which showed to me the gross superstitions that were commonly believed. I longed for the time to come when I might be able to convince the poor deluded people that such nonsense ought to be entirely renounced. My childish heart revolted at the bondage of these superstitions.

Mrs. B., a popular Jewish lady with a family of daughters ranging in age from six to twenty years, lived in our town. Their house was very large and they were fond of entertaining, and on nearly every night in the week we gathered in their hospitable home, both old and young, assured of a hearty welcome and a pleasant time. One evening it was discovered that a little savings bank containing a few pieces of money had disappeared. The general belief was that it had been stolen,

but the question was, "Who could have taken it?" Inquiries were at once made, as the bank was highly prized, but no clue was found that would lead to its recovery.

An old Gentile woman, who occasionally did work for Mrs. B., heard about the loss and at once volunteered to locate the missing article. As all were anxious to discover the guilty one, a reward was promised the woman if she could detect the thief. An evening was set for the purpose, and a number of the usual guests were present. When all were seated the woman was called in. She brought with her an old song book and a large rusty key, an heirloom of several generations, which was to be tested by the oracle. All eyes were fixed upon the woman and her actions, the company waiting with bated breath. The general belief in such cases is that the key will swing about when the guilty one is mentioned. The woman seized the key, held it aloft, and thrice made the sign of the cross upon key, book and herself, while the family and guests began to call off the names of those present and the names of absent neighbors, but there was no sign from the oracle. Again the woman made the sign of the cross and asked questions of the oracle. I could keep silent no longer but burst into laughter, ex-

claiming that we were all foolish to believe such nonsense, and I declared that none of the guests had taken the bank, for we were not thieves.

My remarks and unconcealed mirth angered the woman, who warned me to beware lest the vengeance of the oracle fall upon me. While having no fear of the oracle, I suppressed my disgust, for I was afraid that the old woman might do me harm or even brand me as the thief. Soon a third attempt was made, and as the key turned around different names were mentioned, among them being that of an orphan girl who lived with her miserly old grandmother. As soon as this name was spoken, the book swung around. Three times this was done, and each time the book moved—a sure sign that she was guilty.

The poor girl, bursting into tears, declared her innocence, but who would believe her in the face of such convincing proof? It was recalled that only a few days previous to the loss of the bank she had been seen admiring it, and besides she was the only one of the guests who had seen it, or even knew of its existence. Mrs. B. and her daughters had no pity for the lonely girl, though those pleasant evenings at their home had been the only bright spots in her life. Through this incident

she must henceforth be deprived of even such a simple pleasure.

I could not believe her guilty; and, child though I was, I endeavored to defend her. But the others were so positive of her guilt that they would not listen to reason, insisting that she must give up the stolen bank or they would have her arrested. In vain the girl protested her innocence; and, had it not been for Mrs. B.'s refusal to have an officer enter her home, the girl would have been arrested at that time. As it was, she was told to go home and never to let her face be seen in that home again. As the poor girl left the room, my heart went out to her in sympathy. Even now I seem to see her pale sad face and hear her sobs as she went forth from that home.

Utterly disgusted with the whole proceeding, I resolved never again to mingle with those superstitious people. But soon my resolution was broken, and I decided to go as usual, determined at some future time to secrete something and thereby ascertain for my own satisfaction whether the old woman could find me out in it.

One Sunday evening a number of guests had gathered in the pleasant parlors and when I entered were already engaged in various games. The chairs in the room were all occupied and I was

told to step into an adjoining room for a chair. As I glanced about the apartment my eyes rested upon a small purse lying on the bed. Instantly the thought flashed into my mind that now was the opportunity to test the Gentile woman's power; so, taking the purse, I put it in my pocket and returned with a chair to the other room.

I was relieved when we dispersed, for the secret had begun to weigh heavily upon my mind. During the night I could not sleep, so impatient was I to learn whether or not the loss had been discovered. As soon as school was out the following day, I hastened to the home of Mrs. B. Sure enough the purse was missing, but no one could imagine who could have been so unkind as to steal from them. Whoever had taken it must have entered the bedroom, and they were at a loss to know who it could have been. I suggested that it might be well to consult the old woman who had discovered the thief on the former occasion, and I was so eager and anxious to learn what she could do that I offered to go for her. The woman promised to come as soon as she could, though I had begged her to come at once with me.

The time of waiting seemed long, but at last she appeared, her book and key carefully wrapped in a handkerchief, and on her face a grave, solemn

look. As soon as possible she arranged the key and book as before. We all stood round about her, and, though I had little faith in her charms, my heart beat fast and my hands trembled violently when one by one the names were mentioned of all who had been present the previous night. Still the book remained perfectly motionless. Then I spoke the name of the girl who had been accused of taking the bank, and immediately the book swung around, not once only but three times. The woman triumphantly held up her book and key, declaring that her heirloom never failed her, and saying, "You can see for yourselves that the girl is a thief. She stole the bank not long since and now is in possession of the purse."

In spite of proof of the girl's innocence, the woman insisted that she was guilty. My friends said they knew she had not taken it, for she had not been in the house since she had left it in disgrace. Calmly I declared that I was positive of her innocence, yet I dared not tell all, as I had thrown away the purse.

Another prevalent superstition was that when an article of clothing had been stolen, the thief could be found by burying a piece of the cloth if any scraps could be found. It was believed that, as soon as the cloth began to decay, being buried

in a grave with a corpse, the body of the thief would also decay and death would soon follow. So fully was this believed, and so intense was the fear of the terrible results, that often the mere rumor of resorting to such means was sufficient to insure the return of the stolen property.

At one time clothing was taken from our home and a certain person was suspected, though there was no proof of her guilt. My mother spoke of her intention of burying a piece of the cloth, taking care that this person should hear of it. This threat had the desired effect, for the next day the clothes rolled in a bundle were found on our door-steps.

Often have I looked back to that time of black superstition and realized the meaning of the words of the prophet, "Behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." (Isaiah lx, 2.)

CHAPTER II.

In the face of the existing superstition there was little known about the religion of Christ. The Roman Catholic Church, with her gross idolatry, had full sway, having shrines and images located on the public roads. The Lutheran Church, though without shrines or pictures, also failed to uphold the banner of Jesus Christ. On Sunday morning Catholics and Lutherans could be seen at church. After the services they would freely visit the saloons, many of them becoming drunk; quarrels and disturbances would follow, disgracing the Christian's sacred day. Dance halls were wide open and beer gardens flourished. Jews living in the town had nothing in common with Christians, dealing with them in business affairs only. They enjoyed their own amusements, attended the synagogue, and educated their children in a Hebrew school.

Until of a certain age Jewish children were instructed by a Rabbi in elementary things, and their studies were completed in the public school with Gentile children. My mother dreaded the time when she must send her children to the public school, as she knew what indignities we would suffer at the hand of these children, because of our being Jews, or, as they termed it, "Christ Killers."

My brother and I entered the local school, where

unfortunately the children were mostly Gentile; and in those first days we were made the targets of their derision and hatred, but patiently we bore the spiteful things said and done. Through hard study and outward serenity we won the favor of our teachers and many friends from among our classmates. Still, what a storm of hatred and bitterness raged in my heart against them and their religion! It seemed to me nothing but a persecution of our people.

The mother of one of my classmates had become a Christian and had joined the Baptist Church, being the only person in our town belonging to this denomination. She became the object of much persecution at the hands of those who claimed to be Christians, because she had left the Lutheran Church. Her daughter and I became close friends, as did also our brothers. We often went to their home where they had a large playground and a fine fruit orchard. There we studied our lessons, afterwards enjoying play and fun.

The mother, Mrs. Deike, often joined us and we grew to love her very dearly. She was indeed a Christian whose life was fully consecrated to the Lord. As we became better acquainted, she began in a simple, loving way to tell us of Jesus, the promised Messiah, the King of the Jews. It was a

sweet story and new to us. We listened eagerly as she spoke of Him who had come as the fulfillment of all the Old Testament prophecies in which our people believed. Up to this time we had not known the difference between Roman Catholics, Lutherans or Baptists. All to us were alike. All were idolaters. The followers of Jesus, no matter what their name, we classed as heathen whose chief object in life was the persecution of the Jews. Our people had received no love or sympathy from these so-called Christians; and now, for the first time, we heard that Jesus came to save the Jews and not to persecute them.

We were very fond of Mrs. Deike and loved to listen to her, but this was all so strange that we could not believe it. I was not given to argument, but my brother, who was two years my senior, argued much with her, telling her that it was impossible for Jesus to be the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind. But she was not discouraged and patiently she tried in every way to convince us of the divinity of Christ. Finally my brother told her that our religion was far superior to hers; quietly she replied that she read the same Bible and that it was her only guide. But to this he invariably replied, "O yes, your Bible is so constructed

that the Old may fit the new Testament, and the New the Old."

At last, however, he was persuaded to get a Hebrew Bible with German translation from the Rabbi, so that they might compare Bibles. My brother brought his book to Mrs. Deike and a most diligent comparison began. The Bibles were found to be in everything the same, and my brother became intensely interested and began to study the Word of God. He came to the 53d of Isaiah, and read of the Messiah:

"He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not."

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

He stopped and asked, "What does this mean? Who is it? Who has borne our griefs? Who was wounded for our transgressions?"

"It is Jesus of Nazaareth whom you hate and despise," was Mrs. Deike's reply.

From that moment my brother began to see the light in Christ Jesus, and he accepted Him as his personal Saviour. He was then not quite thirteen years old, and he told no one of the family of his new-found faith. The time for his confirmation (or Bar Mitzwah) was at hand, when he was to become a son of the law, and he went through the ceremonies, although in secret he was a Christian.

Not long after this he was apprenticed to a Jewish merchant who had a large iron business in a town about forty-eight miles from home. He was a very strict orthodox Jew. It was agreed that my brother should remain there for three years. After his departure I continued to visit the Deike family, but they soon moved into the country on a farm about twelve miles from town. The friendly ties were severed, and the teachings of that saintly woman completely forgotten for a time, as no lasting impression had been made on my heart. Two years swiftly passed by, during which I was occupied with my studies. Then my brother returned home for a visit. It was a red-letter day with our family, and as he was my favorite brother we spent much time together during these happy vacation days. He had been at home a week when one day I met Mrs. Deike and told her of his arrival. She was pleased and readily accepted my invita-

tion for her to call. I thought my brother would be especially pleased to see her, but I was sadly disappointed; for, as soon as he saw us approaching he immediately left the room. I wondered at this action because he had been greatly attached to her. My parents were very glad to see her and after a time my brother was persuaded to come in. He spoke to her, but all could see that his welcome was far from being hearty.

Mrs. Deike told us of her beautiful home in the country and how much they all enjoyed being there. I was intensely interested, for I had never been in the country and I expressed a desire to see it. Thereupon she invited my brother and myself to spend a few days with her, promising to send a team for us if we would appoint a day. Our parents objected to the visit and made many excuses for not letting us go, but she finally persuaded them, and they consented to let us go for a day or two, providing she would give us nothing to eat which was not allowed by our religion. She promised not to give us anything but eggs, bread, butter and milk. In order that there should be no possibility of defilement, Mrs. Deike advised us to carry with us a little kettle in which to boil the eggs and milk for our use.

I was full of joy at the prospect of a visit to the

country, but my brother was not so enthusiastic. Indeed, he had promised to go merely to gratify me. At last the eventful day dawned, a bright, beautiful spring day. We started early in the morning, walking through the woods, listening to the happy song of birds. We had planned to meet Mr. Deike, but he had forgotten to send the team for us, thinking we were to come another day. We walked on watching for the team, but none appeared.

It seemed a long distance those twelve miles, but we walked bravely on, talking as we went, for we had much to say to each other after our long separation. Toward the end of our walk we became tired and often sat down by the wayside. After going through the eight miles of forest and while going through the fields with but two more miles before us, my brother suddenly stopped and said, "Don't let us go on; let us turn back and go home."

I was much surprised at this remark and wondered what had come over him, but I said that we had better hasten on. We did so, but soon were obliged to sit down again to rest. Sitting with our hands clasped in each others, he tried to persuade me not to go on, but to give up the trip, assuring me with tears in his eyes that it was wrong for Jews to mingle with Gentiles, or to have any inter-

course with them. "We shall surely come to grief," he said, "if we proceed on our journey and venture into danger."

But I would not listen to him, being determined to see the farm, and I felt too weary to walk back those long miles. I fully agreed with him that we should not associate too freely with the Gentiles, but could see no harm in making a short visit in a Gentile home. I insisted that since we had gone so far we ought not to turn back, and although very tired I went on and he was compelled to follow. His face looked grave and troubled. For the last time he begged me to turn back, but I would not, and only laughed at him.

Oh, had I but known what would happen and foreseen the future! Surely I would not have laughed at him, neither would I have crossed a Gentile's threshold.

How often in after days did I wring my hands in agony and curse my obstinate will for thus putting my brother in the power of Satan, as I imagined I had done! God in His mercy did not reveal to me the future, and I became the instrument in His hand of leading my brother on to the greatest blessing, though unconscious of the fact.

As we drew near to the farm, my brother said, "Now as we are to be the guests of Gentiles and

are to remain with them over night, let us be careful what we say and do. Be sure not to forget to wash your hands the first thing in the morning and say your prayers." I faithfully promised to do so, and assured him that so far I had never forgotten to do my duty. Our parents were very strict in the observance of the law, particularly in regard to the washing of hands. This had to be done the first thing in the morning before we were fully dressed. The water was poured three times over the hands and face, a little prayer was said, and then we finished dressing and made ready for breakfast.

Brother also requested me to remain near him all the time, not leaving him alone with Mrs. Deike or any of the family. This I promised also to do, though I wondered why he was afraid to have them talk to him in private. I hesitated about asking him for fear of offending him, but his clouded face brightened when I had given the promise.

Soon we came in sight of the whitewashed farm house. Even the smoke curling out of the chimney seemed beckoning us to a place where rest and refreshment awaited us. We were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Deike, who apologized for her forgetfulness and neglect in not sending a wagon to meet

us. In a short time our fatigue was forgotten as we sat in an arbor eating with appetites of healthy children a repast consisting of bread, butter, milk, and eggs.

As soon as we were rested, forgetting my brother's request, I ran off to play with the girls and to see all the wonderful things on the farm. We had so much to talk about that I could not bear to waste any time. The farm yard was thoroughly explored, where I found many things of interest to a city girl. Among them I saw a pen of seven little pigs which were a source of delight to my companions, but to me they seemed rather disgusting, for at home we had been taught never to look upon a pig. If we could not avoid so doing we must spit upon the ground as a sign of our disgust at the sight.

Suddenly I remembered the promise given to my brother, and without any explanation to the girls, I rushed to the arbor where I had left him alone with Mrs. Deike. I found them so absorbed in conversation that they did not notice my approach. She was holding my brother's hands, and I could see the tears rolling down his cheeks.

Fearing that some one had hurt his feelings, I walked up to them and demanded to know the cause of his tears, saying that if they hurt my brother

we should go home immediately, even if we had to walk the entire distance. Neither of them gave me any satisfaction or enlightened me as to the cause of his sorrow. Not until later did I learn the truth. My brother had been a Christian all these years, though he had been afraid to confess it. Since leaving home he had been associated with Jewish people, going with them to the synagogue on the holy days and on the Jewish Sabbath. Though apparently a Jew, in his heart he was a Christian, and his soul was stayed on Christ. During the two years he and Mrs. Deike had kept up a correspondence, through which she constantly encouraged him in his Christian life and faith.

One of her letters had become mislaid and had been found by my brother's employer, who did not hesitate to read it; and great was the indignation of the Jewish merchant when he discovered that an inmate of his household was a believer in Jesus Christ, the hanged Nazarene. When my brother was taken to task and ordered to deny the claims of Jesus, he frankly admitted that he was a Christian and that all his hopes were centered upon the Christ.

Upon hearing this, the man became so enraged that he slapped my brother's face and threatened

to send for his parents to acquaint them with the news.

The poor boy was very much frightened; for he felt that he could not yet meet his parents and declare to them that he had found the Messiah, so he promised his employer that if he would not inform his parents that he would discontinue the correspondence with Mrs. Deike, and would no longer read the New Testament. He was compelled to give up his Bible, which was torn into small pieces. He afterward found some whole leaves which he concealed beneath his clothes in his trunk.

Mrs. Deike's letters remained unanswered, and his faith decreased until he became once more an orthodox Jew. This was the reason why he did not like to meet Mrs. Deike and have a personal conversation with her; but that day when she inquired concerning his Christian life he broke down and confessed that he had denied his Lord and Master.

He began anew, his faith in Christ was renewed, and his love rekindled. He promised that at whatever cost he would be true to the Lord Jesus; and when his apprenticeship was finished he would openly confess Him in baptism. He kept this promise, and all these years has continued a faithful follower of Christ.

The next day we returned home, Mrs. Deike's

team carrying us within a mile of home, and as we walked the remaining distance we exchanged thought in regard to the Christian religion. While my brother said nothing about his personal faith in Christ, he spoke very kindly of Christianity.

I had been deeply interested in the family worship, both night and morning, and although nothing was said to us about Christ, I was much impressed with the beauty of such simple household meetings for reading the Bible and prayer. The scene was indelibly fixed, and I could not forget it, much as I wished to do so.

CHAPTER III.

My brother soon left home to complete his business training. After an absence of one year he returned, making our family circle once more complete. During the following two months he twice visited the Deike family; once with the consent of our parents, the other time without it, father having forbidden him to go there again, saying: "A Gentile house is not a place for a Jew."

As time moved on it was thought advisable to secure a position for him as clerk in a store. A number of places were open to him, but he did not accept any of them.

About this time the feast of the first fruits of ingathering or Pentecost was to take place. This occurs seven weeks after the Passover. For some reason my father was away from home for the feast days.

On the second day of the feast my brother received a letter. After reading it he said: "Mother, I have an offer of a good position, and I believe I ought to accept it at once. If I take it, there will be no time to lose, hence I must leave to-morrow." Usually he read his letters to the family, but this one, after reading, he tucked away in his pocket. This aroused mother's suspicions, and she decided to find out why he so carefully guarded the letter.

Early the next morning she came to my bedside and awaking me said, "Be quiet, here is something I want you to read for me." I quickly arose, and took brother's letter from her hand. Upon opening it I was astonished to find that it was not a business letter, but from a friend, urging him to stand by his faith in Jesus Christ, to make an open profession even though it might mean the forsaking of everything for Him.

The writer of this letter had been a University student, who had been led to see his lost condition, and to trust only in Jesus Christ for salvation. He had left the university and had earned his living as a common workman in an iron mill. After speaking of the sacrifices he himself had been called to make through becoming a Christian, he, the son of a Rabbi, told of his conversion, and of his faith in the promised Messiah, also how he had been disowned by his parents and ostracised by all his former friends. He wrote: "I have found in Jesus a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" and concluded by saying: "God has been good to me. He has guided me through the storms of life, and now I am preaching the blessed Gospel of Jesus."

He lived in a distant city, about one hundred miles from our home, and urged my brother to come to him. As my eyes glanced over the pages,

it seemed that my blood turned cold and my heart almost ceased beating, as I realized that my brother, our oldest and best beloved, was being urged to believe in the despised Nazarene. It seemed impossible that he could even think of becoming a Christian. I was much alarmed, but did not read the letter to mother; but I told her under no condition to allow the boy to leave, as the place where he intended to go was unsuitable for him, excusing my action by saying that the writing was so poor I was unable to read it. Poor mother believed me, and restored the letter to its place.

We went back to bed, but sleep had departed from me. Constantly before me I could only see the words, "Believe and trust only in Jesus."

It was a cruel blow to me to think that my beloved brother should be entreated to believe in a traitor, for such I considered Jesus Christ. In vain I racked my brain for any motive that could impel him to such a course. I still hoped there was a mistake somewhere; I could not believe that my brother could so far forget himself as to bring disgrace upon his family by becoming a follower of "the hanged one." For this reason I refrained from telling mother.

That morning he was to accompany mother to the synagogue, but on some pretext I kept him at

home, and mother went alone. Then I told him why I had kept him. As soon as I mentioned the letter his face became white and he began to tremble and was unable to answer the questions I poured thick and fast upon him. As I saw his embarrassment, belief in his guilt was confirmed, and I cursed him in downright Jewish fashion, threatening to tell mother and promising dire punishment for ever entertaining ideas of heathenism.

When I at last gave him a chance to speak, he tried to explain why he believed in Jesus as the Saviour. As he mentioned the name of Jesus I put my fingers in my ears and screamed as loudly as possible in order to drown his voice, for I did not want to hear anything about Him.

I told him that he was no brother of mine, and added, "you will soon be an outcast from our home, for I am determined to tell mother everything when she returns." He put his arms around my neck and pleaded, "Please don't be angry with me, Jeanette, and don't say anything to mother until after I have gone."

His pleading touched my heart, and I promised to say nothing if he would consent to remain at home until a more suitable position was found for him. Our conversation was interrupted, and during the remainder of the day there was no oppor-

tunity for us to be alone. The next morning, as the holy days were over, I went back to school, cautioning mother not to let brother leave home. She had no idea why I so strongly insisted upon his remaining, but supposed it was because of my fondness for him.

All that morning my thoughts were at home with my brother, I could hardly wait for the closing bell to ring, but as soon as it did I laid aside my books and hastened home to find the house empty and my brother gone from home never to return.

A feeling of desolation came over me as I realized that I had lost a brother, who would never again be the same to us, but must be considered as one dead.

My first impulse was to tell my parents what I knew; but on second thought I decided to say nothing until I had heard from him, all the time hoping he would not bring disgrace upon us by becoming a Meshumed (turncoat). For two weeks I waited for news of him. He wrote home, but from the letters I could obtain no information in regard to his actions. Finally the suspense became unbearable, and I wrote to Mr. Curant, the minister, for I had kept his name and address in mind since reading his letter to my brother. (This earnest man, by the way, is still preaching in Bromberg, Germany.)

I asked him what he had done with my brother,

and whether he could not have found other victims for his religion without stealing my brother from his home and making a Meshumed of him. I also demanded: "How much money did you pay my brother for coming to you, and how much would you pay me to make me a Christian?" I accepted the current opinion that for every Jewish convert a large sum of money was paid.

That bitter, sarcastic letter was written with the expectation that the minister would relent and induce my brother to return to us. But I was greatly mistaken, for, instead of my brother's return I received a letter from him, telling me of his baptism and his great joy in his new-found faith. He said: "The only sorrow I have is that my dear ones at home do not share my joy and happiness," and he assured me that neither he nor the minister had been paid any money, adding, "No one is benefited by my baptism except myself. Christians do not buy souls, as you think."

It was a terrible blow, for no greater disgrace could be imagined to a Jewish family than for one of its members to become a Meshumed. I had heard of such things, but had never dreamed that such a calamity could happen to our family, for we had been raised very carefully in the Jewish faith, our parents priding themselves upon the fact that their

ancestors had all been strictly orthodox in religion. It seemed impossible that he, the oldest son, had left the true fold, for never before had a member of their family gone astray, for was not he the one upon whom our parents depended to say *caddish, after they were gone to be with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?

I read and reread the letter, but there it was plainly written, "I have been baptized." There could be no mistake. First sorrow, then anger entered my heart. I tore the letter into small pieces and threw them away, but my mother seeing what I did commanded me to tell her what it meant.

I told her all I knew, and never shall I forget the expression on her face and her agonizing shrieks when I told her that her boy, her pride, had become a Meshumed. She declared again and again that it could not be true. O how glad I would have been to have been able to tell her that it was a mistake; but alas! it was only too true that it was her own boy. No one but God knew what my mother suffered; she did not seem to care to live and bear the reproach of having one of her family renounce the religion of his fathers. But still greater sorrow was in store for her.

For a while after I told her it seemed that reason

*A prayer for the dead.

left her; she tore her hair and threw herself upon the floor and prayed that God might show her mercy, and send back her erring boy; but her prayer was never answered. So terrible was her grief that within a few weeks her hair turned white. Three times a week she fasted, to every beggar she gave alms; at night she stood by the open window, stretching forth her hands toward heaven, beseeching God to restore her child to her.

Mother and I guarded our secret carefully so that no member of our family should learn of the calamity that had befallen us. Mother often asked me, "Why did he forsake the God of his fathers? What possible object could he have had in view?" I could not tell her, for I had not been in his confidence, and, though I told her I knew not, she would not believe me.

One day, as she was plying me with questions and was very persistent in her demands as to why he had given up Judaism, I grew weary and told her not to ask me again, and added, "The only one who can answer your questions is Mrs. Deike. If you wish, I am willing to see her and find out all I can."

As a drowning man grasps at a straw, mother seized at this ray of hope, and insisted on my going at once to Mrs. Deike's home. I had little confidence in my mission, for I believed that Mrs. Deike

had drawn him to her religion, and would not disclose to me her object in so doing. Yet I wished to see her, to make her ashamed of herself, and to have the satisfaction of denouncing her as one who had betrayed the confidence of our parents.

It was a long, lonely walk and my soul was full of hatred. After the weary journey when the whitewashed cottage again appeared in sight, hot tears coursed down my cheeks, and I cursed it and its inmates. Though only a child, I felt most keenly the disgrace which had come upon us.

I reached the house both footsore and heart sore. I had resolved to show no emotion in the presence of the family, but hardly had I stepped inside the door than I sank down on a footstool near the entrance and began to sob as though my heart would break. Soon the family gathered about me wondering what had brought me there and inquiring the cause of my distress.

I could not answer, but turned at once to Mrs. Deike, asking rapidly, "What have you done with my brother? Why did you steal him from us? What harm have my parents done you, that you have treated them so unkindly?" My well planned speech was forgotten and I uttered words of which I had never thought before, for my heart was filled with bitterness and hatred. She seemed to under-

stand my thoughts and began at once to speak of the love of Jesus. I interrupted her by saying, "I want to hear nothing about your God, I did not come for that, but to find out why my brother has become interested in your God and taken a fancy to your religion." She answered, "It is no fancy on his part, but a real faith in the promised Messiah, and he had no worldly object in view, but desired only his soul's salvation."

I could not and would not believe anything she said and felt that my weary journey had been in vain. I had promised my mother not to touch anything belonging to a Gentile; so, declining any refreshments and the kind invitation to stay over night, I started on my homeward journey. They had kindly offered to hitch up the team and take me home, but I would not accept any favors from these Gentiles, preferring to walk.

I was exceedingly tired and hardly able to walk, but my will was so strong that I would not listen to reason. Hardly half a mile had been traveled when my strength gave out and I sat down crying bitterly. Now I realized that I had not sufficient strength for that twelve mile walk. Even if I had, it would have been impossible to reach home that night, for it was already late in the afternoon. I was afraid to return to the farm house, lest I should

commit a great sin. In my misery and loneliness I sat there blaming and cursing my brother for all the trouble he had caused us.

Time passed rapidly, the shadows of night appeared, and my fear and alarm increased. What was I to do? In my distress I prayed for help and guidance, the first prayer in my life that was offered from my heart, though from early childhood I had been taught prayers from the prayer book. Never before had I felt the need of praying to God from the depth of my own heart. As I lifted up my soul and voice to God, an unusual calm came over me, and I had the full assurance of the great Jehovah's help. From that time to the present moment I know that He has been and still is with me. Jesus answered my cry for help that day, although I despised Him and did not believe that He was the Redeemer of the world and my Saviour.

After that prayer, I decided to go back to Mrs. Deike's and remain there over night. When I reached there, no one said anything regarding my brother or his religion. I was invited to partake of bread, eggs and milk. I refused all but the milk, which I drank, eating what remained of the dry bread I had brought for lunch on the way.

During the evening we walked to the summit of a high hill. It was a beautiful, balmy summer even-

ing, not a sound was heard save the rustling of the wind through the leaves. Mrs. Deike and her daughters began to sing. Their voices blended beautifully, and never shall I forget the impression of that night, and the holy awe that stole over me, when they sang, "The Home Over There."

At last I interrupted them to ask, "What do you expect over there? Do you expect to go to Abraham's bosom?"

Mrs. Deike promptly answered, "Indeed, we are going there to meet our blessed Jesus."

"There will be no Jesus there," I said, "neither can you go there, for no Gentile has any claim or right to be with Abraham, Isaac or Jacob. Only the Jews will have a place prepared for them."

She kept perfectly calm, but insisted that both Jew and Gentile who believed in the Son of God should meet where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are.

"But God has no Son," I declared. "All who worship Jesus are idolaters and have no conception of the great Jehovah, the God of the Jews."

She assured me that Christians did not worship idols, but I called her attention to the many images and shrines I had passed that very day. I had seen men remove their caps and make the sign of the cross, and had noticed women gliding on to their knees before the images.

"All that you tell me is a fact," she said, "but such religion is not true Christianity."

Until late at night we continued our argument, I trying to convince her that only the Jews had the true religion, and that they alone were true worshippers of the great Jehovah. But my arguments grew weaker. She seemed to have the stronger side.

Before we retired for the night, Mrs. Deike read a chapter from the Bible and offered prayer in which she included me. I cannot describe my sensations at the mention of my name before the throne of grace, but I know that a new feeling came over me, a longing for something which I did not possess. I could not sleep. My thoughts were of my brother, and the new things I had heard that evening. Sometimes I felt that I must leave the house at once in the stillness of the night and go home, but my fear of the dark, dense forest kept me where I was. Toward morning I fell into a restless sleep, and it was late when I awoke.

Before leaving the room I repeated my Jewish prayer in all sincerity, and resolved not to listen to Mrs. Deike if she should speak again about Christianity. As I was about to open the door I heard a voice speaking. At the mention of my own name I stopped to listen; Mrs. Deike was praying, "Heav-

only Father, have mercy on the child, show her that Thou lovest her, help her to accept Jesus as her friend and Saviour."

When I heard these words I became very angry. Without delay I opened the door and said, "Don't mention my name to your Jesus. I will have nothing to do with Him." No one answered; I then left the room greatly annoyed with myself for thus giving away to temper. I stood at the door considering what to do, and the temptation came to me to run away without seeing any one, but that seemed so discourteous that I abandoned the idea. I was ashamed of my conduct, but did not feel that I ought to apologize as I considered it my duty to defend myself.

As I stood there alone feeling wretched, an arm stole around me and a gentle voice said, "I wish I could lead you to the fountain of life where there is peace and rest for the weary." It was Mrs. Deike, and her voice was so tender and pleading that my heart melted. Still I begged her never to say another word to me about Jesus. "I never can believe as you do," I cried. "We have suffered enough already through His name. It has brought sorrow and shame to our family, and we have lost a dearly beloved one. I cannot believe that the great

Jehovah will pardon such sin as taking him from us."

She did not answer, but urged me to have something to eat before leaving. The horses were waiting to take me home.

As I bade them "good-bye," Mrs. Deike put into my hand a New Testament, saying: "Read it and compare it with the Old Testament." She had been so kind that I could not refuse to take the little book; but I knew that if I took it home and my mother learned that I had it she would destroy it, and I should receive severe punishment. I told Mrs. Deike of my fear, but said that if she could cover it so that no one would recognize it I would take it. She then took the cover from a book of fables and put it on my New Testament.

My mother had been very anxious about me. When within two miles of home I sent the team back, as I could easily walk the remaining distance. As soon as I came in sight my mother started out to meet me. Her first question was, "What did you find out?" I had learned nothing that could give her any satisfaction, but told her exactly what Mrs. Deike had said. When I mentioned the name of Jesus she became so angry that she boxed my ears and ordered me to say no more.

Until that time mother and I had shared our

mutual sorrow, but now we drifted apart. My brother's name was never mentioned between us. I was left much alone, and all my spare time was spent in reading the New Testament. Often I took it to the banks of the little sea and read and pondered over its teachings and dreamed.

I became more and more interested in the stories I read about Jesus, and at last I became convinced that He was the Son of God. Now the struggle began, I saw Jesus in a different light; but to believe in Him as a Saviour seemed almost impossible. How could I change my faith? How could I bring disgrace upon my family and break my mother's heart? "No, never," was my resolve.

Not long could I resist the pleading of the Spirit. The truth had crept into my heart, and I had to submit my proud, strong will to the mercy of God. The victory was not won without a fierce conflict and intense pain, but His grace was sufficient for me. As soon as I found that Jesus was the One of whom the Prophets had spoken, the strife in my soul increased. I became restless and unhappy, and vainly endeavored to interest myself in other things.

Weeks passed, but no peace entered my soul. I continued at school, but instead of keeping up with my classes I fell behind. My teachers complained of my neglect; but, touched by my distress and un-

happiness, they had compassion on me and attributed it to ill-health. Such a longing for peace and rest took hold of me that I could no longer endure it; and at last I decided to go to Mrs. Deike for help, and left one morning, not daring to ask my mother's permission. How different were my feelings from those of my first visit with my brother! Then I was full of joyful anticipations; now all was changed, and a dark cloud rested upon our family; disgrace must be our portion when the secret became known that my brother had become a "turn-coat," and now even I was troubled, my conscience was stricken, and I knew not what to do.

I sat down on a mile-stone. My soul cried out in agony to God for help. While sitting there a man passed, who, upon seeing my tears, inquired where I came from and whether I had lost my way. I was frightened and started to run; but the man followed, overtaking me. He repeated his questions, speaking kindly and offering me a piece of black bread from his pocket, thinking I was crying from hunger. I took the bread, not because I wanted it, but for fear of offending him. As soon as he was out of sight I threw it away. When I reached my destination my friends were surprised to see me, but were very considerate. Mrs. Deike, instead of asking questions, spoke comforting words.

That evening which I spent with them made me somewhat happier; still, I could not yet believe that Jesus was the only one who could give peace to my troubled soul. I feared to go home, dreading punishment. Mrs. Deike, however, promised to accompany me, and act as mediator between my parents and myself. Her kind intentions, however, when carried out the next day only made matters worse. She was coldly received, my mother giving her to understand that future visits would be unwelcome.

As soon as she had taken her departure mother's wrath burst forth. She took me to task for going to that cursed woman, and asked me if I also wanted to become a "turncoat." My only answer was a flood of tears. My mother, blinded by anger, seized a piece of wood and beat me unmercifully. The pain from one blow on the elbow was so sharp that I fell to the floor crying, "My elbow is broken." Mother's wrath subsided at once, and she became greatly frightened. She raised me up and carried me to a couch where she examined my arm, which to her joy she found unbroken. With tears streaming down her cheeks she clasped me in her arms and asked my pardon for her cruelty. As she gazed upon me we wept together, for I knew she loved me

tenderly and only overcome by rage had she so far forgotten herself.

When she saw the marks upon my body she said it was all my fault because I had gone to that woman who had already caused us so much trouble. Upon thinking it over it seemed that we had enough sorrow without my adding to it, so I resolved to throw away the New Testament and never again think of Jesus. While the marks of the blows remained upon my body I kept these vows. But when entirely recovered, my thoughts again turned to the Testament which I had tucked away among old books in the garret. Such an intense longing came over me to know the truth, that I forgot the cruel beating, ignored the promise exacted by my mother, and determined to see Mrs. Deike again.

Early the next morning I quietly left the house. When I reached the forest great fear came upon me; and, in my anguish, I called on God to help me and show me the right way. I had sunk upon my knees while praying, and almost unconsciously I had prayed in the name of Jesus. As I uttered His name, it seemed as if a voice was saying to me, "What do you want with Jesus? He is not your God."

I arose from my knees, a tempest raging in my soul. Everything seemed to be at peace and rest

except myself. I advanced a few steps, and again fell on my knees beseeching the great Jehovah to reveal the truth to me, whether or not Jesus was His Son, the Messiah of the Jews. The voice within whispered again, "Not for you." I was greatly discouraged and despaired of ever finding the truth. But He who had begun the work of salvation in my soul suffered me not to perish in the darkness, but led me out into His marvelous light. I had turned my face homeward; but, as I reached the border of the woods, I knelt down once more, praying in the name of Jesus for forgiveness of my sins. While thus praying I heard plainly the words of God, "Peace be unto you;" and peace did enter my poor, troubled heart. This "wonderful peace coming down from the Father above" has ever since been my portion. It has been with me in sorrow, in trouble, in temptation, flowing as a river. And in every time of weakness God's peace has been my stay.

Now that I had found Christ, there was no need of my going to Mrs. Deike, so I returned home, resolved to tell of the great joy and peace that had come to me; but as I entered the house and beheld my mother's sad, sorrowing face courage failed me.

My mother had not noticed my absence, and I deferred telling her of the great change that had

come to me, but this change was noticed by the entire family, in that whereas I had been willful and imperious I was now kind and obedient. Little did they suspect the true cause of this condition.

Several weeks passed, and I became conscious that I was denying my Lord and Master in being silent as to what He had done for me. Meanwhile I was corresponding with Mrs. Deike. In one of her letters she wrote of a family from the Lutheran Church who had lately been converted and had moved into our town, and advised me to become acquainted with them.

They were poor and illiterate and the thought of associating with them was very repugnant to me, who had been taught to despise those whom we considered in any way our inferiors. But, after praying about it, things appeared in a different light. I realized that my Saviour was their Saviour, and that He was no respecter of persons.

Very soon I went to visit this home. On entering the room I found a number of persons kneeling, for it was Sunday afternoon, and they were having a little prayer-meeting. I silently knelt with them. One after another prayed, and when the last one had offered his petition I also lifted up my voice in prayer. The people, who were friends from the country meeting every week with this family for

prayer, were much surprised to hear a strange voice, and as we rose from our knees one woman after another put their arms around me saying, "Though we never saw you before, we know that you are a child of God, for you speak the language of Zion, therefore you must be one of us. What is your name?"

I told them, and great was their surprise when they learned who I was, for my father was well known. Never shall I forget the joy manifested among those people. Again they fell on their knees and gave God thanks for having found a lamb from "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." There was not only rejoicing in heaven, but also on earth over a sinner's repentance.

I had been seriously thinking of baptism, being convinced that to be "one" with Christ I must obey His command and follow Him in baptism. I did want to obey my Master, but fear kept me back. At last I told my new-found friends of my desire. They were much rejoiced to know that I had made a full surrender to Christ and promised to aid me in the fulfillment of my desire.

Their pastor, Rev. Mr. Domke, who lived eight or ten German (or forty English) miles away, was invited to hold meetings in our town, and I could then meet him. But when he came, it was impossi-

ble for me to leave home without arousing suspicion. I was much disappointed in not seeing him, and earnestly I prayed that God would open the way for me to meet this Christian pastor. At the last moment the Lord answered my prayer. My mother went out for the afternoon, not to return before evening. At once I hastened to see Mr. Domke, and found him just ready to leave. Feeling that I must see him I accompanied him to the station. Mrs. Deike had told him of my conversion and he was very desirous of being helpful to me. The train being half an hour late gave us the desired opportunity of speaking together of my faith in Christ, and making arrangements for my baptism. It seemed inadvisable that my public confession of Christ should be made at home, where there would be much opposition, so we arranged that I should go to Graudenz, which was about twelve miles from my home, and there I was to be baptized.

CHAPTER IV.

Several months later in October I found a way of leaving home for a few days. I wrote both Mr. Domke and Mrs. Deike that I was ready to obey the Lord's command, and November the second, 1879, was the day appointed for my baptism. I was to go to the home of Mrs. Deike, and her daughter would go with me to meet Mr. and Mrs. Domke, and together from there we would proceed to Graudenz. Wednesday afternoon, October twenty-ninth, I started on my eventful journey. It was a cold and foggy day and it became very dark before I reached my destination. My heart trembled within me as I walked through the dark, lonely forest, but the presence of God was with me.

When the forest was at last behind me a fervent "Thank God!" burst from my lips. I could scarcely find the way, but soon in the distance I saw the glimmer of lights and remembered a foot-path over which I had previously gone, and decided to take it and thus save considerable distance. But soon I discovered that I had missed the path and walked into a swamp.

It was a most dangerous place, and many had perished there. I could move neither forward nor backward, for with every effort I sank deeper and

deeper. The mire reached to my shoulders and it seemed that every moment must be my last.

In this perilous situation the tempter assailed me with fierce doubts and hideous fears, whispering that this was my deserved punishment, because of my having forsaken the God of my fathers, and I must perish there alone in the darkness of night, my body not even being recovered from the terrible quagmire.

But not long was I in the tempter's power. I grew calmer, lifted my heart to God, and committed myself into his care. "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord," was the burden of my prayer, and it was not His will for me to perish there.

A basket which I had carried on my arm slipped away from me. Mechanically I reached out for it, and in doing so my foot rested on a stone. Then all became a blank to me for a time, and the next thing I knew I was standing on solid ground holding my basket. My shoes were gone, and how I got out of the swamp will always remain a mystery, but to God I gratefully give all the praise.

Groping through the darkness I at last reached the home of my friends. When I opened the door, there sat the whole family around a bright fire engaged in pleasant conversation. They looked up to welcome the newcomer; there was a startled

scream, and someone cried out, "A witch! A witch!" Although as Christians they did not believe in witchcraft, the old superstition came into their minds as they gazed on me.

For a few moments I stood in the doorway wondering what had caused so much excitement in this peaceful home. Finally I said, "Why, what is the trouble? What makes you stare at me in this way?"

At the sound of my voice Mrs. Deike came up to me and said, "Why, is it you, Jeanette?"

It seemed such a strange question for her to ask. "Of course I am Jeanette," I said. "Have I so greatly changed that you do not recognize me?" Little did I realize what a change had taken place in my appearance. My long black hair was hanging in strings; my face and hands were black with the mire of the swamp, and altogether I was a wretched looking object. No wonder they thought me a witch.

I was much exhausted. My entire body was coated with the heavy black mud, and it was several days before I looked or felt like myself.

When I related my experience, my friends marvelled at the way God had delivered me. We realized His wonderful mercy and willingness to hear and answer prayer, as we learned that only a

week before a man with his horses and wagon was lost in that same swamp.

On Friday Mrs. Deike's daughter Marianna and I started for Graudenz as planned, stopping for the night at Hohenkirch where we were entertained in the home of the pastor. In company with Mr. and Mrs. Domke we continued our journey on Saturday afternoon. Members of the church met us and took us to their homes. I was very shy and bashful, this being the first time I had ever been away from home, and it seemed strange to be treated by perfect strangers with as much kindness as though I was their own sister.

In the evening we attended the prayer meeting. How shall I describe my feelings as for the first time I entered a Christian house of worship? As the people came into the room, I observed their faces. They seemed to belong to a different world, to be real saints. Earnestly I prayed that God would make me as good as they were. I learned afterwards not to take Christians for my standard, but to look to Jesus only.

The next day was the time set for my baptism. Notwithstanding a rain which had begun to fall, many people had come from a distance, anxious to see the Jewish convert.

That was a happy morning. After the service in

the church we had dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Skibitzky (who at the present time are living in Chicago). They had invited a number of the visiting friends for dinner. Two long tables were prepared; and, after all had been seated, the food was brought in. Up to this time I had eaten no food forbidden by Jewish law. I had already partaken of the soup when a great fat pork roast was served. What was I to do? I feared to refuse it lest they might think I was not really a Christian, for the idea is prevalent among the unconverted, that when a Jew becomes a Christian he must at once begin to eat pork.

I looked at my slice of pork, then around at the company, seeking for some means of relief. It was so offensive to me, that I could not touch it. When I thought myself unobserved I picked it up on my fork and stealthily shoved it under my plate where it would not be seen by the guests.

I fancied that no one had noticed my action, though some had seen it but considerately refrained from making any comments on what must have appeared to them a foolish action.

At the close of the afternoon service a business meeting was held, during which I was called in to relate my Christian experience. This examination lasted about thirty minutes, while I was seated in

a chair in the center of the room with the members of the church standing around me.

It was nearly 8 o'clock when we left the church to go to the river where another sister and myself were to be buried with Christ in baptism. (She has since gone to be with Him in glory.)

We had a walk before us of about three-quarters of a mile, and the people moved so rapidly that my friend and I could not keep up with them. A turn into a side street hid them from our view, and we went on in the darkness, not knowing that they had changed their direction. Consequently we were lost and did not know which direction to take, but walked on, asking God to take us to the right place.

Not until the company had reached the river did they discover our absence. Becoming alarmed, several of the brethren started in search of us, and at last found us at the other end of the city.

We rapidly retraced our steps in the pouring rain. There was no time to lose, and the few necessary preparations were soon made and I was baptized.

Returning to the house of worship, we celebrated the Lord's Supper. Thus ended the most eventful day in my life, a day which I shall never forget.

CHAPTER V.

The following day we departed for our respective homes. I was determined to make a full confession upon my arrival, but, oh, how weak is poor human flesh! I was as great a coward as when I had left home. I hoped that it would be easier to confess Christ before my own people after having made a public confession.

The more I thought about it, the more firmly was I convinced that confession of my faith in Christ meant the loss of home and dear ones whom I so passionately loved, and for the first time I understood what Christ meant when He said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I come not to send peace but a sword." (Matt. X:34.) And those searching words in Matt. x:37, "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me," held a new meaning for me.

For several weeks the struggle lasted, fear, love and duty each striving for the mastery. Then came an invitation from a relative at Graudenz urging me to make her a visit. This being the city where I had made a confession of my faith, this invitation seemed a special providence, and especially so as my mother wished me to go and said that I might stay several weeks.

I had vowed that as soon as possible I would tell

my parents what had taken place and imagined that it would be easier to write the news than to tell it, as a storm, if it rose, would more quickly blow over if I were not at home.

The second week in December I left home for Graudenz, but instead of going to the residence of my cousin, I went to the home of a Christian family who had promised to shelter me in their home if I was driven from my own. A lonely feeling had come over me as the train started and I took a last look at the faces of my mother and sister who had accompanied me to the depot. I knew that never more should I return to my home as a beloved daughter and sister. Hitherto I had been sheltered in the home nest, but henceforth I must be an out-cast.

My friends received me very kindly, but the first few days were very lonely, and in vain I tried to shake off oppression, but tears would often gather in my eyes. Before I had time to carry my plan of writing to my parents into effect, the news that I had openly confessed Christ reached our home through my father who heard of it. At once he told mother. Poor, heart-broken mother then told him that my brother also was a Christian. Father's wrath was kindled, and he declared that he would cast us off as we were unworthy of parental

love. God's punishment, he said, would fall upon my mother and himself if they did not curse us and mourn over us as they mourn for the dead. He declared that mother should have nothing more to do with either of us; but mother was unwilling to denounce her own children, and determined that, though it was impossible to reach her boy, she would rescue me from the clutches of the heathen people.

As father refused to aid her in her efforts, she consulted her brother who lived midway between our home and Graudenz, whom she found as anxious as herself to get me away from Christian influences.

The friends with whom I was staying lived in a flat on the second floor, while the lower floor was occupied by a Jewish family with whom I was not acquainted, and I did not imagine that they had taken any notice of me. One night my friends noticed an unusual commotion down stairs. They saw a number of people entering, heard loud voices and noticed their violent gesticulations. The excitement seemed great and we became somewhat alarmed. Great was our wonder as to what occasioned so much confusion below, and presently we were surprised to hear a knock at the door.

Upon the door being opened a young man entered and asked to see Fräulein (Miss) Gedalius.

My friends inquired, "What is wanted of her?"

He replied, "Frau (Mrs.) Blum, the lady who lives on the first floor, wishes to see her."

My friends replied, "Tell Frau Blum that if she wishes to make our acquaintance we shall be pleased to have her call upon us."

A few minutes later came another knock at the door and again I was asked to go to see another lady who was very anxious to meet me. The name was that of a perfect stranger to me, so we told her that whoever wished to see me must come to the house.

In a short time a girl appeared with a note addressed to me. Slipping it into my hand, she ran away without waiting for an answer. The note informed me that my mother had committed suicide and urged me to go at once to a certain house where I could find her body.

Being convinced that all the uproar down stairs concerned me, we did not believe this statement and decided that under the circumstances it was not best to leave the house to go to church, but await developments. By 10 o'clock all was quiet and we congratulated ourselves upon having outwitted those who were seeking me, though I

thought we had not seen the end of the matter and felt that some trouble for me lay in the near future. However, committing ourselves to the care of God, we slept peacefully, trusting the promise, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." (Psalm cxxi:3.)

About 9 o'clock the next morning we were again disturbed. Some one opened the door (without knocking) and my mother and three men entered. I was fully prepared to meet my mother, hoping she might be friendly, and I went towards her to greet her with a kiss; but she repulsed me and, to my great surprise, slapped me in the face.

My friends demanded, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

Two of the men introduced themselves as being the Rabbis from the city and the third was my uncle from Lessen. The Rabbis represented two different congregations, the reformed Jewish faith and the orthodox. They were enemies on account of their different views, but on this occasion they had become friends. How similar to Herod and Pilate were they in thus uniting for persecution! "And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they were at enmity between themselves." (Luke xxiii:12.) So I, who was one of His weakest followers, was to realize His word, "The servant is not greater than his

Lord. If they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you." (John xv:20.)

My uncle acted as spokesman and commanded me to go with them without further delay.

My friends interfered, saying, "We cannot consent to her leaving this house when there is such a disturbance," but they promised that I could go when everything was quiet if I wished. They feared to have me go at that time lest my people should treat me unkindly.

My uncle took me into another room and upbraided me for my wickedness. Then he tried to bribe me, promising to give me two hundred dollars if I would then and there openly deny my faith in Christ.

I replied, "Keep your money, uncle. It is impossible for me to deny Jesus Christ, for He is my Saviour and the King of the Jews. Neither can I consent to make my home with you."

When he saw that I was firm and that he could not change me in my purpose, he left the room.

As soon as my uncle left, my mother became very different in her attitude and she seemed very friendly. Even the Rabbis asked several questions and showed some interest in my friends.

Mr. Domke, who had been summoned by my friends, entered into conversation with them on the

subject of Christianity, and everything appeared as though they were friendly and we had no suspicion of treason.

In about an hour the door was swung wide open, and uncle and two policemen entered the room. Without uttering a word, they seized me and roughly dragged me down stairs by my hair which was hanging in braids down my back.

Mr. Domke tried to interfere, insisting that I ought not to be subjected to such barbarous treatment, but one of the officers, almost knocking the good man down, roughly answered that he was doing his duty.

I did not regain consciousness until we had reached the street. My slippers had fallen off and I was in my stocking feet. It was a bitter cold day, there being several inches of snow on the ground. I was very thinly clad and had not even a wrap about me. I was led by my uncle between the two policemen to another part of the city, followed by mother, the Rabbis, and a great crowd which had gathered. Everyone wondered what crime I had committed. Children on their way home from school at noon followed throwing snowballs at me. The crowd were disappointed when, instead of entering the prison, we passed on down the street as far as a butcher's shop.

Uncle pushed me into a large room which was used for a store. A number followed us in, most of them being men. Only Jews were allowed to remain, the others were ordered to leave. At the sound of so many voices the lady of the house came running into the store, inquiring what had caused the uproar. But she did not get a satisfactory answer, as some said one thing and some another.

At last uncle explained to her that he had come just in time to snatch me from the Gallich (priest) who wanted to baptize me, but he had prevented it by his timely arrival. He also told them that the Christians had persuaded me to believe in the Tole (hanged one) and were holding up the cross for me to kiss, but that he had kept me from kissing it. "So," he concluded, "not much harm has been done."

Then he shook his fist in my face and commanded me to confirm his statements.

But I declared, "It is false, not one word of it is true. No one has ever held up a cross before me, and I have never kissed a cross and never intend to so do. Indeed, since I became a Christian I have not even seen one. I have been baptized; I was baptized last November."

At this my uncle became very angry and the people seemed about to tear me into pieces.

The owner of the house then came up to me, and looking me all over said, "What! you little chick of a thing! How is it that you cause so much trouble? Wait; it won't take me long to drive the Tole (hanged one) out of you." With that she left the room.

A few moments later she came back with a pot of steaming hot coffee, saying it would burn out the Christianity in me. Not from any fear did I refuse the coffee, but because I did not care for it. At my refusal, in her rage she threw the contents of the coffee pot over me, and there I stood with my head and face dripping coffee without even a handkerchief with which to wipe it off.

When they found that they could not scare me into submission, but that I remained firm in my belief and unshaken by their threats, they adopted others means, mocking and cursing me, but I was happy, knowing that my Lord had been so despised and rejoicing that I was counted worthy to suffer reproach for His sake.

The people, seeing my indifference to all they said, became more angry. My uncle's excuse for me was, "She is bewitched." But one man greatly enraged said, "She must die; if not, she will lead many astray." How prophetic were his words! And yet, thank God, not one has been led astray

through me, but many have been led from the darkness of Judaism into the blessed light of Christianity.

The poor man who had advised killing me was so blinded with rage that he picked up a long butcher's knife and would have thrust it into me, but in the twinkling of an eye between us stood my mother. She told him that he dare not kill me for I was her daughter, and she warned him that if he committed murder all the Jews would suffer terribly thereby. The cooler headed among them realized the truth of her words, knowing that the law would interfere if his threats were carried out, so they put him out of doors in spite of all his resistance, though he swore, cursed, and acted as if he were insane.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon uncle secured a wagon filled with straw and into this I was put, my mother and uncle taking seats beside me. As we drove off the woman who had deluged me with hot coffee handed me a shawl, telling me to put it around my shoulders as the weather was extremely cold, but uncle snatched it away from me and threw it back to the woman, saying, "She cannot have it. Christianity must freeze out of her." With this he drove away. It grew colder and colder. I was nearly stiff when we reached uncle's

house, yet Christianity was not frozen out of my heart, but the love of Christ burned there clear and bright.

This was my first visit to my uncle's home and his family were all strangers to me. A number of people had gathered to see the apostate, and stood staring at me as though I were some rare animal. Before I entered the house my aunt began to utter abusive words, but uncle cautioned her to treat me kindly as it was only in this way that one like myself could be won back to Judaism.

My mother remained over the Sabbath and then went home. I begged her to take me with her, but she was deaf to my entreaties. Neither would uncle have allowed me to go, for he thought, as did my mother, that I would repent of my folly more quickly if I remained where I was.

As soon as mother had gone, my trials began. The most prominent Jews in the city, together with their Rabbi, came to see me, seeking to convince me that I had committed a great sin, declaring that I ought to repent in dust and ashes and eat the bread of affliction for a whole week, according to the Talmudical law. They also read from the Talmud the most foolish stories concerning Jesus Christ.

My aunt was very spiteful towards me. It

seemed that the sight of me was sufficient to throw her into a frenzy. One day, during my uncle's absence, she found constant fault with me, trying to provoke me to anger. Failing in this, she insisted upon my using the jargon language when speaking to her or her children. This language was never used in our home unless father and mother had something to say to each other that they did not wish us children to understand. Aunt asked me a question in jargon, and I being unable to speak well in that language answered in German, which so enraged her that, losing all control of herself, she took a hot spider from the stove and struck me with it. I threw up my hands to ward off the blow from my face and one hand was badly burned.

They all watched me closely, fearing that I might run away, but I had not even thought of such a thing. Indeed, I was a perfect stranger in that locality, and would not know where to go if I had left there. Several days passed and uncle continued to treat me with kindness, but the other members of his family were as bitter as ever.

One bright, cold winter day uncle told one of my cousins to take me for a walk, but to watch me closely, permitting no one to speak to me. This cousin, like her mother, had been very hateful to me. As we walked along the streets, she pointed

out several houses and told me that in them lived some of my brothers and sisters, the so-called "Muckers," as the Baptists were contemptuously named. This was of much interest to me, and I kept carefully in mind their location, also the names of the people whom she mentioned.

The day following unusual preparations were made as if for a large supper. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon some twenty people gathered, and there was much excitement and whispering among them. My heart almost stopped its beating when occasionally I stole a glance through the half-open door separating me from the company.

One of my cousins, a girl about twelve years of age, was my jailer, though much against her will. She was usually pleasanter than her mother and sisters; but this day, wishing to be with the company, she was in bad humor and vented her wrath on me, kicking me several times.

In order to see what was going on and hear what was being said, she had opened the door slightly. I sat near the door also and soon learned that ten men had been fasting all day and had come with the others, determined to tear from me my faith in Christ. They cursed and swore in a dreadful manner. I heard one man say, "She must renounce

her faith in the hanged one this very night, if we have to tear her to pieces to make her do so."

Upon hearing these words I was indeed troubled. I was but a fifteen-year-old girl, and I did not fear for my life, for I was willing to die for Him who had died for me, but I feared lest they might wrest my faith from me.

I cried to God to be my strength and helper in this time of need, and He answered my prayer and delivered me from the hands of my persecutors. My cousin became so absorbed in watching and listening that she forgot to watch me; so, without attracting her attention, I quietly slipped out of another door into the kitchen, then out of doors to the street.

I remembered the nearest house to which my cousin had directed my attention and hastened to reach it. Without hesitation I entered the hall, not knowing in which rooms Mrs. Wenzel lived.

I intended to open the first door that I saw, but as I laid my hand on the knob there came a sensation as if some one had knocked down my hand. I could see no one, but felt a sharp pain at my wrist. For a few moments I stood there undecided what to do. Just then a man passed by and I inquired of him where Mrs. Wenzel lived, and he directed me to the rear of the house, pointing out her room.

As soon as I opened the door, the woman recognized in me the Jewish sister of whom Mr. Domke had written to their congregation, commending me to their care. It seems that from the time she first heard of me, this good sister had been praying and waiting for me, ready to shelter and help in any possible way the persecuted Jewish girl.

When I told her of my experience in the front hall, she was surprised and said that the hand of God must have prevented me from entering that door, as relatives of my mother lived in that part of the house. They were bitter enemies of Christ and His followers, and as she told me I could not help thinking of that wonderful promise in the thirty-second Psalm, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye."

It would not be safe for me to stay in that house, so at once the sister took me to another friend. Upon entering there, we were told that a Jewish man had already been there seeking me, and that they feared every Baptist family in the place would be visited by the Jews, and that it would be dangerous for me to remain in town. I was put into a dark room and concealed under some clothes. Then all the Baptist families living in town were called together.

In great haste they answered the summons. It was decided that I must leave the place that very night. Four miles out in the country lived a gardener who was of the same faith, and a brother volunteered to take me out there. He had been working hard all day and was very tired, but this was the Lord's business, and he had cheerfully offered to go.

It was half past eight when we started. The night was extremely cold and the ground was covered with snow. My clothes were thin and I wore a pair of slippers similar to ordinary bath room slippers. I had taken nothing extra with me when hastily leaving my uncle's house. None of the people present possessed two pairs of shoes, but one sister took off her shoes and gave them to me, and I was provided with necessary clothing. The shoes were so large I could hardly keep them on my feet, and some one suggested stuffing them with straw, which proved a great comfort as I travelled over the rough roads and through the deep snow.

One friend contributed a coat, and another a shawl for a head covering. When we were ready to go they committed us to the care of our Heavenly Father. Not daring to go through the streets we climbed over fences and hedges until we reached

the country road. We had gone only a short distance when the brother stopped and said, "I am afraid we are followed; we must not go farther on this road." There being no other travelled highway, we had to cross the fields, which was both difficult and dangerous. Often we sank to our arm pits in the deep snow. We reached our destination some time after midnight to find everything enshrouded in darkness. The brother rapped on the window and succeeded in arousing the inmates. Upon hearing what was wanted they very gladly took us in. A hot lunch was quickly prepared for the brother and after resting for a short time, burdened with the shoes and extra clothing which I had worn, he started on his return journey as it was necessary for him to be at his work early the next morning.

I was so completely exhausted that I could neither eat nor sleep.

When the Jews discovered that I had escaped, they vowed vengeance and began a vigorous search for me, dividing themselves into three parties, one party going to the homes of the Christians asking all sorts of questions, while the other two parties stationed themselves at the two roads leading out of the town.

My uncle with two other men visited the home of

the friend who had taken me to the country. My uncle demanded of the lady, "Where is your husband?"

She said, "What do you want of him?"

He answered, "I want to hire him to cut wood for me."

While talking, his eyes wandered around the room as if in search of something. He noticed a large bed with the curtains closely drawn. All at once he saw the curtains move, and he was sure that he had found my hiding place. With one bound he reached the bed, crying out, "I have her! I have her!"

The woman was greatly frightened and screamed, "Murder! Murder!" believing that the fierce man intended to kill her sleeping boy whom he had dragged from the bed. The cries of the woman brought a number of people into the room, and my uncle, seeing his mistake, hurried off with his two friends as fast as he could go.

Those watching the roads had met with no better success. After vainly searching the Christian homes, uncle and his two companions joined the others, and they all agreed that I was not in the town and must have started for Graudenz. They thought that by following at once they might overtake me before I had gotten very far on the way.

My uncle, two cousins of mother's and two other men walked all night and reached Graudenz at daybreak, going at once to the home of my friends and informing them that I had run away during the night without any clothing, had perished on the way and that they had found my frozen body.

My friends said nothing to those who brought the information, but when alone they marvelled over it. The night before in their prayer meeting they prayed earnestly that no injury might befall me. At midnight they had the assurance that not a hair of my head should be harmed. That evening my friends summoned the few Christians to meet again for prayer, telling them the sad news brought by my uncle. Every heart was full of grief, and it seemed that their faith would be shaken, for they had been so confident that God had heard and answered their prayers. They knelt in prayer, and strong men wept as children, but faith triumphed and with one accord they cried, "Thy will, O God, be done."

The day following my departure from my uncle's home was very stormy, the wind blowing the snow in great drifts. While it did not appear possible for any one to venture out, it seemed very necessary that I must go on to some place where the Jews would not find me, so about 9 o'clock in the

morning Mrs. Knob (my hostess) and I started out seeking a place of refuge for me. She had given me some clothing, including a pair of small, thin shoes.

We had a distance of eight miles to cover, and many times we feared we should lose our footing and be blown down a steep hill. All day we walked on through the storm, towards evening reaching a farm house situated in a lonely part of the country, far from any neighbors. The kind sister trusted that this place would afford a safe retreat, where I might be secure from danger and persecution, for a time at least.

I can never forget that terrible journey. We were both exhausted, and our hands and feet frost bitten. For many months I suffered from that day's exposure.

The farmer and his wife (who was a sister of Mrs. Deike) were true Christians, and we were warmly welcomed to their home. Because of the weather continuing cold and the drifts of snow making the roads impassable Mrs. Knob remained about a week, while I was made welcome to stay as long as I needed a place of refuge.

For four weeks I was undisturbed, but one day a Jewish peddler appeared at the door selling his wares. We had felt so secure that I had not thought it necessary to hide myself at any time,

and was busy in the kitchen when the man entered.

At once he recognized in me the Jewish apostate, and I was no longer safe in that home. Previous to this I had notified the friends in Graudenz of my escape from my uncle, and they had written me that if I again needed a place to return to them. Under the present circumstances that was the only course to pursue, as no other way seemed open for me. Saturday was the day chosen for my return, as on that day there would be no danger of meeting any of my relatives on the train; for as Orthodox Jews none of them ever travelled on the Sabbath day.

Fortunately on the train I met the minister who was to preach in Graudenz on the following day. I was very glad to see him, for I felt more secure in his company. At one station we had to wait two hours to make connections. A number of people came into the depot, and among them I recognized a Jew whom I had seen in the butcher's shop at Graudenz. When I called the minister's attention to the man he became somewhat alarmed and at once threw his overcoat on the seat completely hiding me from view. Thus I escaped notice. Presently the train arrived and we resumed our journey. At five o'clock in the evening we reached Graudenz,

and were greeted by some of the church people who had come to welcome the minister. Again I was invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Skibitzky. At the station we thought we heard one man say to another that he believed he had caught a glimpse of the apostate. Mr. Skibitzky overhearing the remark addressed me in rather a loud voice as "Aunt," and threw a large shawl over my head as if to bundle up an old lady to protect her from the cold. His ruse was successful, and I escaped recognition for the time. Ere long it was rumored that I was in the town and I did not dare stay long in any one house. Thus for six weeks I kept in hiding, going from one place to another, being concealed in the different Christian homes.

CHAPTER VI.

The law requires from each person leaving their place of residence a certificate from the magistrate, which must be deposited in the place to which the person moves; and no one is allowed to remain in any city longer than twenty-four hours without having registered at the police station. All minors are required to have written permission from their parents or guardian duly signed by the magistrate, before they are permitted to leave home. As I had not permission from my parents or a certificate from the officer, I could not stay long in any place, and was obliged to leave Graudenz at once.

How earnestly we prayed that God would make the way plain! A friend from a distant city came to visit the family where I was staying, and when he learned of my sad situation, he suggested that I might go home with him and remain with his family as long as left undisturbed by the police. It was January when I went to Danzig. These friends were poor, having scarcely enough for themselves, and I felt that I must not be a burden upon them.

In the church there was a wealthy widow, who

upon hearing of my need, offered me a home with her. I most gladly accepted, anticipating happy days of service in that beautiful home. My friends all rejoiced with me over my pleasant prospects, and I went to that beautiful home with a heart full of thanksgiving to God. While waiting in the parlor, my thoughts went back to my happy childhood home; and after wandering from place to place, the thoughts of rest and happiness in this home cheered me.

When the lady appeared she informed me that she never received servants in the parlor and that the side door was the entrance to the kitchen. She then explained that I would be required to do the work of the chambermaid and cook, who had lately been discharged, and endeavored to impress clearly upon my mind what a favor she was bestowing upon me in giving me my board and lodging and the munificent sum of a dollar a month, for doing the work of two ordinary hired girls.

I was very ignorant about housework, never having been required to do any, but I asked God to help me learn, and tried to do my best.

It was a hard, trying winter, but the dear Lord gave me strength and courage. I had been there scarcely two months when a summons came to appear at police quarters. There I was informed that

within thirteen days I must either show my certificate of residence or leave the city. I wondered what would become of me. I saw that I must leave Danzig and return to Graudenz, but how long could I remain there? God, in whom I trusted, did not forsake me. I returned to my old friends, who welcomed me with the news that I could secure service with a family who were about to move into the country. Although not familiar with farm life, I readily accepted the position, for I was willing to learn. Many and varied were my experiences, much of the work being very distasteful to me, but the dear Lord, for whose sake I had willingly given up all things, strengthened me for each day's duties.

My path was thorny indeed. The people were not as kind as I had anticipated, and many times I went to bed hungry, after eating the one thin slice of bread which constituted my supper.

I had few clothes, as most of my clothing was taken from me when my mother recovered me from my friends. My shoes were the oldest I had possessed, and had been mended by a cobbler, who, in adding the new caps and soles had shortened them so that I was able to wear them only on Sundays, and was obliged to go bare foot the remainder of the week. Great was my suffering from walking

on the stony ground; and if I cried, some of the people laughed at me, while others scolded.

One day I met with a severe accident. We had a large wash, I had been at work since 2 o'clock in the morning, and we had the clothes on the line. The lady of the house sent me to see if the clothes were all right. I was so very tired that I could scarcely move, but I was told not to waste any time. While hurrying along, my heel struck a sharp piece of glass, which cut a deep gash. I drew out the glass and then lost consciousness. I do not know how long I lay there, but soon I was missed, and the old grandmother was sent to find me. When she saw me lying there white and unconscious, she seized a pail of the rinse water and threw it over me. This had the desired effect, and consciousness returned, but my foot was badly injured. They allowed me to rest for a few hours, but urged me to begin work again while I was yet scarcely able to stand upon my foot.

Thus, with many hardships, time wore on. One day, as the men were busy in the hay field, I was sent with one man to clean out the well. We worked hard all the forenoon, and I was nearly exhausted when we heard the sound of wagon wheels. I looked up to see who was coming, and whom should I see but my mother and several

Jewish men! I immediately dropped the pail which I had been using, and telling the man that my folks had come, I ran into the house. We could think of no hiding place except the dairy cellar, and as we were afraid the cellar might be searched they placed a barrel over me. For some time I heard angry words overhead, then came the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and my mother and two men were in the cellar searching wherever it seemed possible for me to be concealed, the men declaring that I must be somewhere in the house, as a peddler had lately visited the farm and had informed them of my whereabouts.

Mother vowed that she would not leave the place until she had found me, but their search proved unsuccessful. My mother stood outside the door and began to lament the fate of her poor deluded child. As I listened to her pleadings I was tempted to reveal myself to her. But fear for my fate and trust in Jesus Christ kept me where I was.

They remained until evening, then left, vowing vengeance on the Christians for keeping me a prisoner, declaring that I was being held against my will. Late at night I came forth from my hiding place, completely exhausted from the hard labor and severe mental strain.

Several months passed in constant fear of dis-

covery, rumors reaching us that the Jews were still searching for me. I knew not what to do; I had no place to go; but committing all into the care of my heavenly Father and trusting that He would still provide a shelter for me, I prayed and waited.

In the fall I received a letter from my brother urging me to come to him, for he had found a place for me, where I could make my home and finish my education. I was delighted, and looked forward with great hopes to the future. What joy to think that at last I should be near my Christian brother and have a happy home!

My preparations were soon made, and early in October I started on a long journey, my brother having sent the money for my traveling expenses. After a journey of a day and a night I reached my destination, finding my brother at the train to meet me, and great was our joy, when for the first time we greeted each other as Christians. He sympathized with me, as I told him of my past trials, and encouraged me to hope that all my sorrows were at an end. As long as I was a minor, I could find a home with these friends, and after becoming of age I need fear no one.

Poor brother! Had he known the character of this home, he would not have sent me there for even one day. They were professed Christians, but

in their treatment of me they were worse than heathen. The family consisted of father, mother and six children, and it was indeed a hard place to work. No servants would stay with this woman any length of time, because of her ill treatment of them.

I was treated with great kindness as long as my brother remained and for a few days after his departure. Then the attitude of the woman changed. She required me to do work for which I had neither the strength nor the ability, and when I sometimes sank under the heavy burdens, she was not slow to strike me.

One evening she told me that I must get up the next morning at 3 o'clock and begin a large washing. I told her that it would be impossible for me to do so much. She became very angry, telling me that it was for her to command and for me to obey, since I was her servant, and that I ought to be very grateful for the home she was giving me. She knew that I was in her power, as I had nowhere to go. My brother was unable to help me, since he was only a salesman with no money to spare.

At half past two the next morning I began the washing, and when Mrs. T. arose in the morning it was half done, but she expected me to have finished

it by 9 o'clock. So, instead of giving me breakfast, she gave me a severe scolding.

I had to leave the washing and get the children ready for school. After I had eaten a small roll and taken a cup of coffee I resumed my task. Long before it was done I became very hungry and, taking a roll which had been left from breakfast, I began to eat it. Just then Mrs. T. appeared and, losing her temper, accused me of stealing the bread, insisting that I had no right to take anything without her permission.

After the clothes were washed I had to put them into baskets which were fastened to a wooden yoke resting on my shoulders, and in that manner carry them to the canal (a distance of two miles from the house) to be rinsed. Many times that winter I was obliged to cut through the ice in order to rinse the clothes.

On one occasion I begged Mrs. T. to allow me to rinse the clothes in the house, for it was so icy without that I was afraid I might slip and fall. She would not listen to me, but ordered me to go at once to my work and do it as it ought to be done. I flatly refused to obey her. My protests were all in vain. Becoming violently enraged, she struck me twice and ordered me to do my work in-

stantly or she would turn me out into the cold, away from the shelter of her home.

No other alternative was left to me, so I lifted the weighty load upon my shoulders and went to the stream. In the heavy wooden slippers which I wore it was very difficult to walk and several times I fell; the baskets were overturned and some pieces of the clean clothes were badly soiled. I tried to wash them over in the icy water, but they froze to my fingers and in the attempt to pull them away pieces of skin came with them.

When I returned Mrs. T. examined the clothes, and finding some soiled pieces, she put them once more into the basket and sent me back to wash them again. I obeyed, though both hands and clothes were too stiff to wash the dirt out thoroughly, but I did the best I could, and returned to the house.

Many were the hardships I endured in that place. One Sunday I asked if I might go to church. The Baptists had a little church in Retz, a town eight miles away, where services were held twice a month. Permission was given me to go, providing all my work was finished before I started. Saturday night I worked until twelve o'clock, and early Sunday morning I resumed my labors. By eight o'clock all was in order, and I was ready to go.

The morning was clear and cold, and my heart was light and joyful. Although I had to walk to and from church, yet I rejoiced, full of gladness and happy in Jesus, and praised Him for the opportunity of once more hearing His Word. Oh, how I enjoyed the sermon that day! The pastor invited me to his home for dinner, and kindly urged me to stay with them over night, but I dared not, for Mrs. T. expected me home that night. On my return journey I began to suffer with my feet, as I was still wearing the small shoes. I had started for home at two o'clock, but the darkening shadows of night began to fall before I had covered half the distance. At last I could walk no farther, and sat down on a stone, shivering with the cold, not a soul in sight, and a deep sense of desolation creeping over me. The poor little birds, overcome by the intense cold, fell dead at my feet. Even the blood in my veins seemed to be freezing, and soon my whole body felt heavy, and I could scarcely move. In my despair I cried to God to help me, or at once take me to Himself.

Hardly had the words passed my lips when I heard the sound of an approaching team. I had no strength to call for help, so held up my handkerchief as a signal of distress, though all was dark and I could not see who was coming. After a few

minutes I felt some one shaking me, and heard some one ask "Who are you? What are you doing here? Where do you want to go?"

With great difficulty I answered his questions. He then led me to a wagon where two other men were seated. One of the men said: "If we take her home she ought to pay the toll."

I said: "I would gladly do so had I the money, but I have none. If you can not take me home without my paying the toll, I must remain here and perish from the cold."

The men had compassion on me, and made room for me in the wagon, and finally I reached home. For several days I was very sick, but ere long I was set at my accustomed duties. One of the hardest tasks I had to perform was the milking of a goat, which always refused to give me the milk. Many times was I thrown down by her jumping over my head. I did not know how to milk a goat, particularly that unruly one. Mrs. T. told me to give it something good to eat and coax it, and then it would become gentle.

With tears dropping on the goat's head, I begged it to give me the milk, calling it the nicest names I knew, and giving it the best kind of food; but all my efforts were in vain. Mrs. T. was forced to perform the duty herself, all the while scolding me,

saying: "You are good for nothing and do not earn even the food you eat." One day she was not feeling well and was exceedingly hard to please and again she sent me to do the milking. The goat kept jumping along the wall as far as its chain would permit, and would not allow me to get near it, so I went into the house and told Mrs. T.

She ordered me to go back at once and get the milking done, saying: "It is only your obstinacy that is the trouble. You could milk that goat if you wished. It stands for me when I milk it." She was so abusive that, in despair, I returned to the stable and again pleaded with the goat, "Do please stand still and let me milk you."

The woman had advised pleasant words and, although I hated to talk so to a goat, I begged it to be good and stand still.

The animal was so obstinate that finally, not knowing what else to do, I took a stick which was lying near and struck it across the back. It then stood quietly and I was able to take two quarts of milk to the house.

Mrs. T. showed her approval by saying: "I told you so. It was all your own fault that the goat would not stand; if you had only treated it kindly long ago there would have been no trouble."

I did not tell her how I had become victorious.

The next morning she said: "Now be sure to treat the goat nicely." When I opened the stable door it was to find the goat lying motionless on its bed of straw. It had died during the night.

Mrs. T. was very angry when she heard of the death of her pet; of course, she blamed me, and had she known that I had struck it, her anger would have been terrible and beyond control.

The life at this place became unbearable and finally I wrote to Mrs. Deike, telling her of my troubles. She, in answer, wrote back to me: "Trust in God, and come to me as soon as you can."

CHAPTER VII.

As time wore on I wrote to my brother about returning to Mrs. Deike's house, which was so near our old home, whereupon he wrote to Mrs. T. to give me my traveling expenses to return to my friends, as he could not afford to send me any money. She gave me about half enough for the journey, but since I had friends living at Bromberg I finally decided to go there. A friend of my brother accompanied me to the train, and upon learning that I had not sufficient money, he kindly supplied the rest.

For a short time I stayed with these friends, enjoying a delightful visit, though confined to the house most of the time on account of my feet, which were much crippled from those small shoes. So bad did they become that I lost the nails from some of the toes. One day I did attempt to go out calling with my friend, but the pain in my feet was so intense that I fainted on the street.

From Bromberg I went on to Mrs. Deike's. Having so little money, even for postage, I had not notified them of the time of my arrival, consequently there was no one at the train to meet me, and I was forced to walk the eight miles. I had discarded the shoes and wore only a pair of house slip-

pers. It was a very cold day and my suffering was great; but late in the evening I reached the farm house. I was unable to walk for several days, during which a severe snow storm raged and it was impossible to send for my baggage. Finally, after the storm had ceased, the youngest daughter and myself drove to the station, got the baggage and started for home.

The weather had changed since we left home; it had become much colder, dark clouds gathered, and a storm was fast approaching. The horses made but little progress, owing to the icy, hilly road. When Mariana's hands became so numb that she could not drive I took the reins, but soon I, too, was unable to hold them, and the horses, freed from a controlling hand, turned off into a ditch. Only one step more and we would have been dashed to pieces; but the everwatchful, all-seeing Father preserved His children in this hour of danger. Mariana had partially lost consciousness, but my cry of distress roused her, and by our united efforts the horses were again turned into the road. We did not know where we were, and could not guide the horses, but trusted the Lord to bring us home in safety. Ere long in the distance we saw a light and urged the horses on, for it seemed that our strength could not last much longer, and oh, how

thankful we were when we reached the shelter of home! The friends had been greatly alarmed at our long absence, and it was a happy family that knelt that evening to give thanks to God for His goodness to us.

I stayed for several weeks with these kind friends, but it was too near my old home for me to remain in safety for any length of time, and now again the question faced me: "Where can I go next?" I had no credentials or references, neither had I permission from my parents to assist me in getting a position.

- In this time of need I leaned upon God and His promises and He did not fail me then, nor has He ever failed me since; for His promise stands fast, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." (Heb. xiii, 5.)

About this time Mrs. Deike made a visit to her brother, who lived on a large farm about twenty-five miles away, with no near neighbors. Upon her return she told me that her brother would be willing to have me stay there, providing I would work as a farm hand. I accepted the situation, since there seemed nothing else for me to do, and in a few days I began work there. They were Lutherans and somewhat opposed to the Baptist denomination, but on the whole, they were very kind and

promised to do the best they could by me. To this country home little of the outside world came, no newspapers ever reached their house, and no mail carrier ever knocked at the door.

The first thing I had to learn was to walk in the clumsy wooden slippers which Mr. C. made for each member of the family. The next thing was to learn how to spin. During the long winter evenings the women and girls spun the wool for their own winter stockings, all going barefoot in the summer. I had never seen any one spin and was so awkward that I became the laughing stock of all. The fact of the matter is, that I never did learn to spin well, though I really tried very hard, and finally succeeded in spinning enough for two pairs of stockings for myself; but the yarn was so hard and uneven that they were thick and clumsy and caused me much suffering in the wearing of them. While learning I complained once, and was told: "Oh, the Jew is still hanging about you and the sooner you get rid of it the better it will be for you." The work was new to me and I made many blunders and often overheard the remark: "Oh, Jews are no good at work; they prefer to live on other people's work." I could only pray for wisdom and patience and keep on trying to learn.

We rose early in the morning, and before break-

fast I had to milk seven cows, feed the pigs and look after the poultry. During the winter the family, including the hired help, numbered fifteen persons; while in the spring and summer there were twenty-two. All the cooking for this large household was my work, also the preparation of food for the stock on the farm. Every day in the week the same work was to be done, and from four o'clock in the morning until after ten at night my hands were never idle.

I was obliged to do the work of spreading the fertilizer on the ground, picking up stones, and other heavy work in the field.

When Easter came, great preparations were made for the three days holidays. On such occasions, all but the most necessary work was laid aside, everything is made nice and clean, all the scrubbing of floors and such work being my portion. Many times I bruised my fingers—the result of which was a felon on my right hand, but during this busy season I had no time to nurse it.

Day and night I suffered. Little sympathy was given me, and after sleepless nights I did the work as best I could. Finally my hand became so stiff and black that a physician was called, who advised amputating the hand at once. I refused, and then he insisted on taking off the finger; and, though

every one said I was stupid and willful, I refused to permit it, putting my trust in God.

He answered my prayer in a way far different from what I had expected. About two weeks later I was in the kitchen peeling potatoes with my left hand, when there came a knock at the door. The new comer proved to be a Jewish peddler. I endeavored to appear unconcerned, and at the first opportunity left the room; but he had recognized in me the fugitive. Two days later, in the afternoon a wagon containing several persons drove into the yard. At the sound of wheels I hurried in from the field where I had been picking up stones. Imagine my dismay when my mother alighted and came toward the house.

I was frightened, but there was no chance to hide. She ordered me to get ready and go home with her, and I was obliged to obey; for well I knew that resistance would be useless.

Late that evening we reached home. Not a word had my mother spoken to me during the long journey, and now I was sent to my room without seeing any other member of the family, my mother securely fastening the door of my room.

The next morning she brought me my breakfast, telling me that I could not leave the room until I had repented of my foolishness and cursed the

Christian religion. She examined my hand which she had now for the first time noticed. At the sight she nearly fainted, but immediately set about doing something to relieve it. Fortunately it proved to be the wisest thing that could be done. Every time she dressed it she would attribute the affliction to the Christian religion and declare the curse of God rested upon me.

The supposed curse was soon removed, as my hand was entirely healed. After I had been at home a week, the Jewish people began to visit me, among them the Rabbi, who came once and sometimes twice a day. He would not argue with me from the Bible, but only from the Talmud, constantly endeavoring to weaken my faith in Christ.

The Jews of the community at first believed that I had become a Christian in order to get riches. Now when they learned that such was not the case, their disgust was great. For several weeks they sought to win me back to the Jewish religion, and many times I grew faint and weary, but Christ with His loving arms around me kept me during those days of trial. I had no Bible, no book to read, and was kept a prisoner, even the windows being nailed on the outside to prevent any possibility of escape.

I had been there six weeks or more before I saw my father. I dreaded to see him for fear that he

would seek to wrench my faith away from me. Whenever I heard a footstep I trembled lest he might come in anger, but weeks passed by and he did not appear.

The Jews advised mother to take other means than kindness in her efforts to bring me to reason. Poor blinded mother! She loved me so dearly that she would have given her heart's blood to save me, and yet she treated me with the greatest unkindness, every stroke she gave me hurting her more than it did me; but she thought she was serving God by thus punishing me in order to bring me back to the fold if possible.

The Rabbi became very insulting, and told mother that I deserved to be thrown into the street and left there to die like a dog. Suddenly his visits ceased, and I was left in peace for several weeks. Then came the interview which I had so long dreaded.

One afternoon I was sitting by the closed window, looking up at the sky, lost in thought, when the door was quietly opened and there stood my father. He was so changed; never before had I seen such a look of tenderness on my father's face. For a few moments he stood without uttering a word, then he said:

“Have you no word of greeting? Are you not

glad to see your father? Have the Christians so poisoned your mind, or have they wrung the Jewish heart from you, my poor child?"

As I listened to his kind and loving words and beheld his careworn face and flowing, white hair, my heart was almost broken. He opened his sheltering arms and clasped me to his heart and spoke to me so gently, calling me the endearing names a loving father gives to his child, that my courage seemed about to leave me. I forgot all I had planned to say, and let him hold me without saying a word, or trying to make any explanations; for I was again as a little child in my father's arms.

By and by he loosened his hold, and said, "My daughter, what have you gained by forsaking the God of your fathers? Have you gained anything?" I was unable to answer him a word.

Seeing that I did not reply, he began to plead with me to repent of my folly and renounce Jesus. But that was the one thing utterly impossible for me to do. How could I curse Jesus, who had saved me and forgiven all my sins, who loved me more than all earthly friends?

Again my father placed his hands on my shoulders while tears rolled down his pale cheeks, falling on my hands. With trembling voice he implored, "Come back, my child, to your father's house, to the

God of your father and mother. Outside, you have no friends. No one can love and care for you as do your parents. Why will you be a stranger and an outcast when you may have love and shelter?"

As my father spoke thus, it seemed almost as if the price was too great for me to pay. It seemed that I must give up my faith in Christ and reject Him then and there. A fierce battle was waged that day; and, for a time, it seemed as if earthly love would conquer and that I would give up my Saviour. But at the most critical moment Christ's promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," came to me as never before.

I seemed to hear Him say, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." (Matt. x:37.) The struggle ceased, peace entered my soul, and I spoke the words which I had been unable to utter before this.

I begged my father to let me believe in Jesus, as He was the only one on whom we could rely, and because He was the One of whom Moses and the prophets testified. My words fell on unheeding ears, for my father would not listen, but becoming very angry he declared that I must then and there renounce Christianity or answer with my life.

"I would rather give up my life than my Christ," was my answer.

What a transformation was wrought in his appearance! He now stood before me filled with wrath and ready to strike his defenseless child. In all my life I had not seen my father so angry, but he left the room with only these words: "Never again shall you call me 'father,' and never more shall you see me." And I never did see my father's face again until the pallor of death was upon it. Then he was white and motionless in his coffin, unable either to bless or to curse his child.

CHAPTER VIII.

After my father left me, my mother entered the room, her face as white as a sheet, wringing her hands in agony, weeping as though her heart would break. Oh, how I longed to comfort her, but she would not suffer me to even approach her or to talk with her. My faith was sorely tried, but I earnestly prayed that God would give me wisdom and courage bravely to bear those trials which for His sake I was enduring.

The Rabbi called a few days later; and upon learning that even my father's entreaties were unavailing, he advised my mother to drive me from the house at once, lest the wrath of God should descend upon her household.

The curses uttered by the Rabbi greatly alarmed my mother, and she again came to my room and urged me to give up my faith in the "hanged one." I told her that I could not do so, and then she lost control of herself.

The afternoon had been a trying one for her, and it was not to be wondered at that she had become so excited. Not only had the Rabbi been to see her, but many other Jews had come with their advice. Even some of the so-called Christians called to ridicule and condemn me. So, upon hearing my refusal she knocked me down, my head striking the door

post, and I fell unconscious to the floor. I do not know how long I remained in that condition, but when I recovered mother entered the room and thrust me out of the house into the street. There were no kind words of farewell, no loving embrace, no one to say "God bless you," as I took my departure from the home of my childhood.

No one but God knew the loneliness and the utter desolation of my heart. My cry was unto Him not to leave or forsake His child. Just as He always does, He heard and answered in this time of greatest need, for His love and faithfulness can never fail.

As I faced the future that evening how dark it looked! My head was aching from the fall, and I thought my right eye badly injured, for I was unable to open it. I had only ten cents in money and knew not where to go.

The friends who had given me shelter before lived many miles away, and I could not tell what direction to take in order to reach their homes. I knew of no one in the town who would give me shelter for even a single night, for at that time the Baptists were hated by Catholics and Lutherans as well as Jews.

In my homeless condition, thinking sad, sad thoughts, I walked toward the depot, having no

plan in mind as to where I should go. As I reached the station a train arrived; then not knowing what else to do, I bought a ticket for the next station, using my last money.

As I sat in the car, I remembered hearing that somewhere in that vicinity there lived a Baptist family, the head of which was a shepherd on a large estate (the same family is now living in Cleveland, Ohio). I could recall the name of the estate, but did not know the distance nor in what direction it lay from the station. Soon the train stopped, and I stepped out on the platform. Hopelessly I looked around for some one to direct me where to go; but no one was in sight. The sun was setting and I had not the slightest idea where to lay my weary, throbbing head that night. It seemed that my resting place must be the dark lonely woods.

I sat down on a stone by the roadside and watched and waited for some one to pass. I cried to Him who in other times of perplexity had made the way plain for His child. I must have waited there nearly half an hour when there came the sound of approaching wheels. It was a carriage whose sole occupant was a lady. The coachman seeing me stopped, and I inquired of him the direction of the place I was seeking, and also the distance. "Two (eight English) miles," was the reply, while he

pointed towards a dense forest as the direction in which it lay.

The driver, seeing disappointment in my face, added, "You certainly don't mean to go there to-night?"

The lady at the sound of our voices opened the carriage door, and inquired what the trouble was, and the coachman told her that I had lost my way and did not know where to go.

Before I could make any explanation, the lady, moved with compassion, invited me to step inside the carriage and told the coachman to drive on. As we rode along in the twilight, she asked me many questions. I told her where my home was, but said nothing of the persecutions, or of having been driven from home. But I did tell her about Jesus, my best friend.

She became greatly interested and was very anxious to hear about the dear Saviour. Before we parted, she said that she, too, wanted to love Jesus, and made me promise to go to the mansion belonging to the estate where the shepherd lived and tell the "gracious lady" (wife of an owner of an estate was thus called) of the love of Jesus. I learned later that she had heard of me, and had desired to have me come to her home.

I was driven to within a half mile of my desti-

nation; the lady in parting kissed me and slipped a piece of money into my hand and asked me to pray for her. This was my first missionary work.

Rejoicing in heart I soon reached the home of the shepherd, where I received a hearty welcome.

The next morning I called at the home of the "Gracious Lady," but she had just started on a journey. The housekeeper, who had heard of me through her mistress, was exceedingly glad to see me, and sought to make my stay a pleasant one. She directed one of the maids to show me through the grounds and gardens. This girl was a devout Catholic, and when she learned that I was a Jewess, and that I now believed in the Lord Jesus, she became much interested, asking many questions about the Protestant religion. After hearing the story of the love of Jesus and what He had done for me, tears rolled down her cheeks and she promised to seek Him with her whole heart. She did so and suffered much persecution at the hands of the priests and other Catholics. Years afterwards, when I had even forgotten her name, we met in Chicago.

I remained with the shepherd's family two days; then decided to return to the farm from which my mother had taken me. The son-in-law of the kind shepherd took me to the home of Mrs. Deike, which

was about half way to the farm ; and, though it was the busy season, Mrs. Deike took me the remainder of my journey to her brother's farm, where I remained for the next two years, unmolested and free from persecution. I shall therefore pass over those two years in silence.

CHAPTER IX.

At the expiration of two years I decided to make a change and go to live with an old lady who had much trouble in keeping any one with her for any length of time. The place seemed so much more desirable than my present position that I had no hesitancy about making the change. But great was my disappointment in this new home.

This lady was very suspicious and in constant fear of being robbed. She was ever on the watch, and three or four times each night she would make me get up and go to the barn (where she kept a cow and its feed) to see if everything was all right. No matter how cold the night might be, I was obliged to make these regular trips, going a distance of about thirty yards.

At four in the morning I had to get up to watch while she slept. There I had to sit in that cold dark room with neither fire nor lamp. I suffered much from hunger; the food was kept under lock and key, and I could have only what little she was pleased to give me. The work instead of being light was very heavy. I was kept busy all the time, for after I had finished the work and thought that I might rest, then I must take the cow for a walk—a very humiliating task, as I had to go through the village leading her by a rope.

For six months I endured this hard life with its many annoyances; but the following spring I went to work for a family where I was sure I should find it much easier and could get at least enough to eat.

I had known this family when they lived in the city in a beautiful home; now they were reduced to poverty and were living on a small farm. No magistrate's certificate would be required and I hoped to be safe there, but again hard times were before me. My work was similar to that on the first farm, planting, haying, harvesting, etc. It was work from early morning till late at night, and there was little to eat. Many times a meal consisted of a piece of dry bread and water, or potatoes with a sprinkling of salt. What the hardships of the life on this farm were it would be impossible for me to describe, but through it all, God never suffered me to lose faith in Him. I knew He was with me and Jesus became more and more precious.

I remained in this place until I was nearly twenty years old, when I was considered to have reached my majority. I had been a Christian for nearly five years, had been absent from home most of the time, suffering much, but I had learned that the "cross is not greater than His grace."

My brother wrote from Berlin advising me to come to him, as he hoped to make life easier for me.

Now that I was free to go or to do as I pleased I decided to go to him in the autumn.

My few belongings were packed in a blue and white striped pillow case, and I started on my long journey, looking forward with much joy to meeting again that dear brother from whom I had so long been separated.

At seven o'clock in the morning of a dreary, rainy day, I arrived in Berlin. I had expected my brother to meet me, but I did not see him at the station. As I had my brother's address, I inquired the way of a policeman; and, though it was a long distance, I had to walk, as I had no money for carfare.

I finally found the street and number. It was a large double house, and I did not know how to find my brother's rooms. I rang the bell at several doors and inquired, but no one knew him, as he was not a regular tenant, but had furnished rooms with a family living in the building. I was told that unless I knew the name of the family with whom he roomed it would be impossible to find him. At last I became discouraged, and sitting down on the steps I began to cry, for I did not know what would become of me if I did not find my brother.

Presently a door was opened and a gentleman came out. Upon seeing me he spoke kindly and I told him my trouble. He was very kind and invited

me in, explaining the situation to his wife, who tried to comfort me by offering me a cup of coffee and a roll; but it seemed almost impossible for me to eat because I was feeling so lonely. The gentleman assured me that he would find my brother. While he was absent, his wife suggested that I take the position of nurse girl for her baby, which I agreed to do.

Soon the gentleman returned with my brother, and my heart bounded with joy at seeing him. At first he did not recognize me; but looked around the room and asked, "Where is my sister?"

I went up to him expecting a loving greeting, but he drew back in astonishment and mortification. The people did not seem to know what to make of the strange situation. After a painful pause he greeted me with the words, "Well, girl, how you do look! I can scarcely believe that you are my sister, but I see now that you are. I went to the depot this morning to meet you, but I never dreamed that my sister would present such an appearance."

The lady noticing his chagrin said, "You need not be troubled about her; she can have a home with me, as I have already engaged her as nurse for the baby."

My brother's pride was touched, and I could see that he was indignant at such a proposition; but his

better nature triumphed and very kindly he told her that his sister was not in need of a position, as he was able to care for her. Then he thanked them for their kindness to me.

It was no wonder that my brother had failed to recognize me, for he had still in mind the sister of five years before in her dainty frocks. He had not taken into consideration what four years of privation and hardship might mean to me. It has been truly said, "Woman has the heaviest burden and walks the hardest road," and he had not been called to bear the sufferings and persecutions that had come to his sister. He had engaged rooms and board for me with a refined, highly educated lady, whose drawing rooms were the center of culture, and he naturally felt disappointed in me.

After we had reached his apartments, he could no longer restrain his indignation, "What shall I do with you?" he said. "I cannot take you to that lady in your present condition."

I felt very sorry for him, as I realized that I was unfit to be introduced to refined people, for there I stood, a rough country girl, without a hat, and with an old shawl tied about my head. My clothing was of the poorest, coarsest kind, and my rough, red hands were bare. It must have been hard for my

brother; for he was well dressed, and extremely neat and pleasing in his personal appearance.

At last I began to cry bitterly, saying, "Please leave me alone and don't look at me in that way. I will go somewhere as a servant, and will tell no one that I am your sister. I will stay away until I have earned enough to dress up, and study hard, so that no one shall need to be ashamed of me."

By the time I had finished, brotherly love had triumphed over pride; he broke down and there we sat crying together. He tried to console me by saying over and over again, "Never mind, never mind, little sister, I do not need to be ashamed of you. It is not your fault that you have nothing. I will explain to Mrs. H. and she will understand." I dried my tears and made myself a little more presentable. He then admitted that my appearance was improved; but he could not overcome his dislike for those big red hands, roughened by hard work.

Finally we decided to conceal them by getting a pair of gloves. We went to a store and purchased an expensive pair of gloves, but alas! at the first attempt to put them on, I split them open. It could not be helped; so with the torn gloves partly concealing the red hands we went to meet Mrs. H. I saw that she was disappointed in my appearance; she was too much of a lady, however, to make any

comments. Later we grew to know each other well, for she became my brother's wife.

My brother provided very liberally for me, and I was very happy. Life again seemed full of brightness and I rejoiced that the trials were over. It was in this city that for the first time I became engaged in church work. At the time of my conversion my heart burned with love for my own people, and I was willing to go even in the capacity of a nurse girl into Jewish families and teach the little children about Jesus; but the severe persecutions I had received at the hands of those whom I loved had extinguished those desires.

The church of which I had become a member was interested in foreign missions, and when I learned of the great need, my heart was moved with love for the poor heathen in those benighted lands. My earnest desire and prayer was that I might go to Burmah as a missionary, but my friends said that I was not qualified for service in the foreign field, and that God's work for me was among my own people; so I continued to work in the church and Sunday-School.

Being of an independent spirit I began to feel that I must not depend upon my brother for support, so I began studies in a business college, and learned book-keeping; in the mean time changing

my boarding place for one that was much cheaper.

I was very busy during the day with my studies; but when the day's work was done I always found an opportunity to tell of the love of Jesus to those who knew Him not, and the Lord wonderfully blessed my poor efforts and crowned them with success, and thus I learned what a joy it is to be a "co-worker with God."

My life was truly happy, and I looked forward to the time when I should be able to help supply some of the needs of the poor people who had become so dear to me. When my course was completed, I proudly received my diploma, still with no prospect of a position, as it was not an easy thing for a young woman to get a position, unless she had influential friends, and such I had not. My brother had been absent for several months, my money was nearly gone, and I sought in vain for a position.

I earnestly prayed God to open the way for me; and though it sometimes seemed that my request was unheeded, yet I had learned by past experience to trust in Him, and believe that in His own good time He would answer.

CHAPTER X.

One Sunday morning my heart was heavy as I went to the house of God. All the money I possessed was about ten cents, and I felt that I could give nothing to the church collection, for I should need that money for food on the morrow.

In the afternoon the Young Women's Society held a service. One of our duties was to visit the sick, and the president usually appointed the different visitors, assigning a certain sick person to a member. One of the oldest members of the church (an aged lady) had been an invalid for several years. All the other members had been to see her, and I had dreaded the thought of going because I was so poor. But on this Sunday I had not given the matter a thought, until to my surprise and disappointment the president asked me if I would visit that sick lady during the week. I had not the courage to refuse, though I knew that I must go to her empty handed, and the visitor usually took to the sick room fruit, flowers, or some other delicacy.

I wondered what I could do about it, until it occurred to me to go that day, as on the Sabbath we never made purchases and I would have a very good excuse for not bringing anything.

It was a long distance and I was very tired for I had walked twice to the church, which was a dis-

tance of three miles each way. We never thought of riding on the cars on Sunday; and even had I wished to do so it would have not been possible, for I could not have afforded the carfare.

As I slowly walked along the streets my attention was attracted to a fruit stand on which were displayed some beautiful oranges. They were then very expensive on account of their scarcity at that time of the year, but as I looked at them, great was my desire to purchase some for the poor sick woman. Almost before I knew what I was doing I held two oranges in my hands and all my money was gone.

The thought flashed into my mind, "You have broken the Sabbath by buying the fruit." Then came another thought, "What will become of me? I shall have nothing to eat to-morrow, for I have spent my last cent." For a few moments I was tempted to return the fruit; but soon the temptation passed and I proceeded on my way.

When I entered the sick room and saw the old lady lying there, her body racked with pain, I forgot my weariness and was glad that I had come to speak a few words of comfort and cheer. I laid the oranges on the bed. She at once reached for the bag; and when she saw the contents, how her face lighted up with pleasure! She was so eager for

them that she took one out of the bag and began to eat it without stopping to peel it.

Then she burst into tears, took my hands in hers, and with uplifted eyes prayed, "I thank Thee, my heavenly Father, that Thou hast answered my prayer." For one week she had been praying that the Lord would send her some oranges, for she was too poor to buy them and her daughter also had no money to spend on luxuries. She had at last given up hope, for she expected no visitors on Sunday.

As I listened to her story, my heart was full of thanksgiving to my Father for permitting me to minister to one of His saints. I remembered the words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts, xx:35), and realized their truth, although I went without my breakfast the next morning.

But God rewarded my confidence in Him, for on that same morning, a letter came to me asking me to accept a position as book-keeper at a very good salary. Never from that time have I been obliged to go without food for lack of means.

For a year I remained in Berlin. Then came the sad news of my father's death. I decided to go home, knowing that since I had become of age no one could interfere with me. I started at once and arrived the day before my father's funeral.

The watchers by the dead at first refused to allow me to enter the room; but late that night after my mother, brothers and sister had retired I stole quietly into the room where the silent form of my father lay, and I was alone with the dead all through the long night.

I thought of the past, how those closed eyes had once looked into mine with a father's tender love, those cold hands had been laid in blessing upon my head. I recalled how the love of a father had been changed into hatred and his blessing into a bitter curse, because of my having given up the faith of my fathers to become a follower of the despised King of the Jews.

On the following day the funeral took place. My mother, brothers and sister, according to Jewish custom, rent their clothes, while I stood alone with tearless eyes, having no part in the services. One of the devout Jews, upon seeing me standing near the door, rushed up, took me by the arm, and pulled me towards the coffin, screaming in my ear, "Look, you turncoat, upon that silent face and remember that this is your work. You have killed your father, have brought down his gray hairs to the grave!"

The coffin was covered, the pall bearers carried it out and bore him to the grave, and I followed last of all.

That afternoon immediately after the burial I took the train for the next station, where I was met by friends whom I had notified of my coming.

How lonely seemed the days that followed! During the two days that I remained with my friends, the old conflict was renewed, and Satan whispered that it was better to return to the old life, that the price I was paying was too high, but oh, what victory God did give in this hour of temptation, for as Paul declared, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." (Romans, viii:37.)

The third day I returned to Berlin. Meanwhile I had contracted a severe cold and for some time was very ill. In fact I have never fully recovered from the effects of that prolonged illness.

As soon as I was able I resumed my work at the office, all my spare time being devoted to the Lord's work. Again my heart was turned toward the foreign field, and towards Burmah in particular. With that end in view I worked and prayed, asking God to send me there. I spoke of my desires to my pastor and friends, and again they told me that I was not fitted for that work and advised me to stay in my own country doing what my hands found there to do.

At first I was discouraged, and reluctantly gave

up the thought of leaving my native land; but there were many opportunities of speaking for Jesus among the thousands of unsaved souls in that city, and God abundantly blessed my efforts and gave me souls for my hire.

Thus engaged, my life was very happy, and several busy years passed by. Nothing disturbed my communion with God and my daily work, and all was peaceful. I thought all my troubles were ended, and I was contented to settle down to work in my church district in Berlin, unmindful of the needs of my brethren, the Jews. But God had other plans for my life, which I was to see later.

My mother has a brother in England, who has considerable wealth. When he learned that the children of his only sister had left the Jewish religion and had become Christians, he believed it was only a question of money, and that he could win us back to Judaism by paying us a large sum of money. As he was visiting relatives in Berlin, he sought us out. We had never seen these relatives and they were unaware of my residence in the city, but my uncle had learned my address and had many interviews with me, always urging me to give up my faith and offering me large sums of money if I would do so.

This caused me trouble; although, since I was

now of legal age, I could claim the protection of the law. Yet I was continually harassed by his persuasions. One night while kneeling in prayer asking God to keep me from harm, the question came to me, "Why not go to America?" I had never thought of going to America until that moment; but all that night I could think of nothing else, and before the week was over, I had settled the matter in my own mind. I knew that I was to leave Germany, but did not speak of my purpose to any of my friends lest they should oppose the undertaking.

A niece of Mrs. Deike's whom I had known, had gone to America some years previous to this time, and was now living in Oak Park, near Chicago. As I had her address I made all my arrangements to go to her. At the end of a fortnight my preparations were completed, and I informed my friends of the plans. They were much astonished, and most strongly opposed me, my pastor saying, "You are sinning against God, for He has given you work to do where you are, and He can protect you from your enemies just as well in Berlin as in America."

I could only say in reply, "I know He can, but I am not sure that He will, for I believe that He is calling me to America."

Not one favored my going, but it was too late to turn back, for my trunks were packed and my ticket

bought. I did not realize how great an undertaking it was for a girl to go alone to a new country, knowing nothing about the trip, and with no friends there to care for her.

But trusting only in my loving Heavenly Father, in the latter part of May, 1889, I left for America. It was very hard to tear myself away from the loving friends. The loneliness did not seem so great while on the train, but out on the great ocean, my heart was heavy when I heard other passengers talking about friends whom they expected to meet, and the joy of meeting loved ones.

I was almost overpowered by the same sense of fear and desolation which came over me, for no one would be there to meet me, and I was going to seek a mere acquaintance who might not even remember me. One day, while feeling the loneliness of it all as never before, I sat on deck and breathed out this prayer:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storms of life are past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

I was not alone, He was with me and I was conscious of His presence.

We were twelve days on the ocean, reaching Baltimore on a beautiful Sunday morning in June. We landed, and I stood for a time with the same old feeling of loneliness and helplessness, then I started down a street, where I could see the people passing to and fro, speaking a language unfamiliar to my ears, for I could neither speak nor understand any English. A deep realization came to me of the meaning of the words, "A stranger, in a strange land," for such I was, and the cry went up from my heart, "Why, O Lord, had I come to a strange land? Why could I not have found rest and peace in my own land?"

In my perplexity I heard God's loving word, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." (Josh. i:9.) The message brought such peace and rest to my soul that all fear departed, and that afternoon I joy-

fully boarded the train for Oak Park. On my arrival I was gladly received by Mrs. Deike's niece, who recognized me at once; and to my great joy I learned that the friends who had first given me shelter, when I left my home years before, were now living in Chicago. With gratitude and joy we recounted God's gracious dealings with us through all those years.

I was delighted with my new surroundings. God gave me many kind friends and I entered heartily into the new life. My old desire for mission work was revived, and again I prayed that I might go to Burmah, and when I spoke to the German pastor about it he greatly encouraged me in my hopes. But this was not the Lord's will. "His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are His ways our ways." (Isaiah lv:8.)

I had been in Oak Park about three weeks when I was invited to attend a meeting in the interest of Jewish mission work, at the home of Mrs. T. C. Rounds. Mr. and Mrs. Angel from the Chicago Hebrew Mission were present. I spoke in German, and Mr. Angel translated my words into English. He told me that the friends of Israel had been praying that God would convert a Jewess, who would go among the women and children of her own people and tell them of the love of Jesus. "Now," he said,

"God has answered our prayer, by sending us a Christian Jewess, though not one converted through our instrumentality. Will you come and work with us for the salvation of the Jews?"

I replied, "No, I will not. I am going to tell the poor heathen in Burmah of the love of Jesus."

He looked at me with sadness, and said, "You want to go to a strange land and a strange people, and let your own people perish?"

"Yes," I said, "Let them die. They don't deserve anything else."

Before leaving the house he invited me to the Mission, and I promised to attend. About a week later, I visited South Halsted street one Saturday afternoon; and as I walked through that locality and saw men, women and children hurrying along, it seemed that every face spoke a reproach to me. My conscience reproved me, and I knew that it was my duty to go with the Gospel of Jesus Christ to my own people, the people of God's own choosing.

I then and there promised the Lord to work among the Jews, if He would open the way. In His own way, He at last led me to take up my life work in His Vineyard.

In 1890 I entered the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago, and in June, 1892, was graduated from that institution. In October of the

same year I began work among the Hebrews in New York, under the auspices of the Women's Home Missionary Society, where I remained for several years. God wonderfully blessed His own work, undertaken in His name. Many thousands heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and some precious souls were saved. I have the assurance of my God that I am in His will, and gladly go forward in my work, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." (Heb. xii:2.)



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